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THE

CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. TOWN,

CRITIC and CENSOR-GENERAL.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

------ NON DE VILLIS DOMIBUSVE ALIENIS,
NEC MALE NECNE LEPOS SALTET; SED QUOD MAGIS AD NOS
PERTINET, ET NESCIRE MALUM EST, AGITAMUS. - - - -
HOR.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

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THE

THE CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. *TOWN*,

CRITIC and CENSOR-GENERAL.

NUMB. CV. *Thurſday, January* 29, 1756.

Gaudet equis, canibuſque, et aprici gramine campi.
HOR.

To ſpring a covey, or unearth a fox,
In rev'rend ſportſmen is right orthodox.

MY Couſin VILLAGE, from whom I had not heard for ſome time, has lately ſent me an account of a *Country Parſon*; which I dare ſay will prove entertaining to my town readers, who can have no other idea of our Clergy, than what they have collected from the ſpruce and genteel

figures, which they have been uſed to contemplate here in doctors ſcarfs, pudding-ſleeves, ſtarched bands, and feather-top grizzles. It will be found from my Couſin's deſcription, that theſe reverend enſigns of orthodoxy are not ſo neceſſary to be diſplayed among ruſtics; and that, when they are out of the pulpit or ſurplice, the good paſtors may, without cenſure, put on the manners as well as dreſs of a groom or whipper-in.

Doncaſter, Jan. 14, 1756,

DEAR COUSIN,

I AM juſt arrived here, after having paid a viſit to our old acquaintance *Jack Quickſet*, who is now become the Reverend Mr. *Quickſet*, Rector of —— pariſh in the North-Riding of this county, a living worth upwards of three hundred pounds *per ann.* As the ceremonies of ordination have occaſioned no alteration in *Jack*'s morals or behaviour, the figure he makes in the church is ſomewhat remarkable: but as there are many other incumbents of country livings, whoſe clerical characters will be found to tally with his, perhaps a ſlight ſketch, or, as I may ſay, *rough draught* of him, with ſome account of my viſit, will not be unentertaining to your readers.

JACK,

JACK, hearing that I was in this part of the world, ſent me a very hearty letter, informing me, that he had been *double-japanned* (as he called it) about a year ago, and was the preſent incumbent of ——; where, if I would favour him with my company, he would give me a cup of the beſt *Yorkſhire* Stingo, and would engage to ſhew me a noble day's ſport, as he was in a fine open country with plenty of foxes. I rejoiced to hear he was ſo comfortably ſettled, and ſet out immediately for his living. When I arrived within the gate, my ears were alarmed with ſuch a loud chorus of *No mortals on earth are ſo jovial as we*, that I began to think I had made a miſtake; but it's cloſe neighbourhood to the church ſoon convinced me, that this could be no other than the Parſonage-Houſe. On my entrance, my friend (whom I found in the midſt of a room-full of fox-hunters in boots and bob wigs) got up to welcome me to ——, and embracing me, gave me the full flavour of his Stingo by belching in my face, as he did me the honour of ſaluting me. He then introduced me to his friends; and placing me at the right hand of his own elbow-chair, aſſured them, that I was a very *honeſt Cock*, and loved a chace of five and twenty miles an end as well as any of them: to preſerve the credit of which character

I was obliged to comply with an injunction to toſs off a pint bumper of Port, with the foot of the fox dipped and ſqueezed into it to give a zeſt to the liquor.

THE whole œconomy of *Jack*'s life is very different from that of his brethren. Inſtead of having a wife and an houſe-full of children, (the moſt common family of a country clergyman,) he is ſingle; unleſs we credit ſome idle whiſpers in the pariſh, that he is married to his houſekeeper. The calm amuſements of piquet, cheſs, and back-gammon, have no charms for *Jack*, who ſees his "deareſt action in the field," and boaſts, that he has a brace of as good hunters in his ſtable, as ever leg was laid over. Hunting and ſhooting are the only buſineſs of his life; fox-hounds and pointers lay about in every parlour; and he is himſelf, like *Piſtol*, always in boots. The eſtimation, in which he holds his friends, is rated according to their excellence as ſportſmen; and to be able to make a good ſhot, or hunt a pack of hounds well, are moſt recommending qualities. His pariſhioners often earn a ſhilling and a cup of ale at his houſe, by coming to acquaint him, that they have found an hare ſitting, or a fox in cover. One day, while I was alone with my friend, the

the ſervant came in to tell him, that the clerk wanted to ſpeak with him. He was ordered in; but I could not help ſmiling, when (inſtead of giving notice of a burying, chriſtening, or ſome other church buſineſs, as I expected) I found the honeſt clerk came only to acquaint his reverend ſuperior, that there was a covey of partridges, of a dozen brace at leaſt, not above three fields from the houſe.

JACK's elder brother, Sir *Thomas Quickſet*, who gave him the benefice, is lord of the manor: ſo that *Jack* has full power to beat up the game unmoleſted. He goes out three times a week with his brother's hounds, whether Sir *Thomas* hunts or not; and has beſides a deputation from him as lord of the manor, conſigning the game to his care, and empowering him to take away all guns, nets, and dogs from perſons not duly qualified. *Jack* is more proud of this office, than many other country clergymen are of being in the commiſſion for the peace. Poaching is in his eye the moſt heinous crime in the two tables; nor does the care of ſouls appear to him half ſo important a duty as the preſervation of the game.

SUNDAY, you may ſuppoſe, is as dull and tedious to this ordained ſportſman, as to any fine

lady in town: not that he makes the duties of his function any fatigue to him, but as this day is neceſſarily a day of reſt from the uſual toils of ſhooting and the chace. It happened, that the firſt Sunday after I was with him he had engaged to take care of a church, which was about twenty miles off, in the abſence of a neighbouring clergyman. He aſked me to accompany him; and the more to encourage me, he aſſured me, that we ſhould ride over as fine a champaign open country as any in the North. Accordingly I was rouzed by him in the morning before day-break by a loud hallooing of *hark to Merriman*, and the repeated ſmacks of his half-hunter; and after we had fortified our ſtomachs with ſeveral ſlices of hung beef and a horn or two of Stingo, we ſallied forth. *Jack* was mounted upon an hunter, which he aſſured me was never yet *thrown out:* and as we rode along, he could not help lamenting, that ſo fine a *ſoft* morning ſhould be thrown away upon a Sunday; at the ſame time remarking, that the dogs might run breaſt high.

THOUGH we made the beſt of our way over hedge and ditch, and *took* every thing, we were often delayed by trying if we could prick a hare, or by leaving the road to examine a piece of cover;

cover; and he frequently made me ſtop, while he pointed out the particular courſe that *Reynard* took, or the ſpot where he had *earth'd*. At length we arrived on full gallop at the church, where we found the congregation waiting for us: but as *Jack* had nothing to do but to alight, pull his band out of the ſermon-caſe, give his brown ſcratch bob a ſhake, and clap on the ſurplice, he was preſently equipped for the ſervice. In ſhort, he behaved himſelf both in the deſk and pulpit, to the entire ſatisfaction of all the pariſh as well as the 'ſquire of it; who, after thanking *Jack* for his excellent diſcourſe, very cordially took us home to dinner with him.

I SHALL not trouble you with an account of our entertainment at the ſquire's; who, being himſelf as keen a ſportſman as ever followed a pack of dogs, was hugely delighted with *Jack*'s converſation. *Church and King*, and *another* particular toaſt, (in compliment, I ſuppoſe, to my friend's clerical character) were the firſt drank after dinner; but theſe were directly followed by a pint bumper to *Horſes ſound, Dogs healthy, Earths ſtopt, and Foxes plenty*. When we had run over again, with great joy and vociferation, as many chaces as the time would permit, the bell called us to evening prayers: after which

though the 'ſquire would fain have had us ſtay and take an hunt with him, we mounted our horſes at the church door, and rode home in the dark; becauſe *Jack* had engaged to meet ſeveral of his brother ſportſmen, who were to lie all night at his own houſe, to be in readineſs to make up for the loſs of Sunday, by going out a cock-ſhooting very early the next morning.

I MUST leave it to you, Couſin, to make what reflections you pleaſe on this character: only obſerving, that the country can furniſh many inſtances of theſe ordained ſportſmen, whoſe thoughts are more taken up with the ſtable or the dog-kennel than the church: and, indeed, it will be found, that our friend *Jack* and all of his ſtamp are regarded by their pariſhioners, not as Parſons of the Pariſh, but rather as 'Squires in Orders.

I am, dear Couſin, yours, &c.

T

NUMB. CVI. *Thurſday, February* 5, 1756.

— — — — Non hæc ſolennia nobis
Vana ſuperſtitio, veterumve ignara deorum,
Impoſuit. Sævis, hoſpes Trojane, periclis
Servati facimus. — — VIRG.

Theſe ſolemn rites nor ſuperſtition vain,
Nor fears from blinder ignorance ordain:
Sav'd from the ſhock, from dangers yet unknown,
His mercy we implore, whoſe pow'r we own.

IT is not eaſy for the mind of man to recover itſelf from any extraordinary panic, which has once ſeized it: for which reaſon we cannot be ſurpriſed, that many well-meaning people, who have not yet ſhaken off the apprehenſions occaſioned by the late dreadful earthquakes, ſhould be led to conjure up new terrors, and alarm themſelves with imaginary dangers. Their fears interpret every common incident, and even the change of weather, as ſigns of approaching deſtruction: if the day be calm and ſerene, ſuch (they ſay) is the uſual forerunner of a ſhock; or, if the night prove tempeſtuous, they can hardly perſuade themſelves, that it is only the wind, which rocks their houſes. With this

penſity to entertain any unreaſonable dread about future events, it is no wonder, that weak minds ſhould be worked upon by little dabblers in philoſophy, who, having gleaned a few barren ſcraps from the Magazines, preſume even to foretell the diſſolution of the world by the Comet, which is expected to appear in 1758. *Swift*, in his *Voyage to Laputa*, has a paſſage ſo very appoſite to theſe idle pretenders to ſcience, that I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe it.

" THESE people, ſays he, are under con-
" tinual diſquietudes, never enjoying a minute's
" peace of mind; and their diſturbances proceed
" from cauſes, which very little affect the reſt
" of mortals. Their apprehenſions ariſe from
" ſeveral changes they dread in the celeſtial
" bodies. For inſtance, that the earth by the
" continual approaches of the ſun towards it
" muſt in courſe of time be abſorbed, or
" ſwallowed up. That the face of the ſun will
" by degrees be encruſted with it's own effluvia,
" and give no more light to the world. That
" the earth very narrowly eſcaped a bruſh from
" the laſt comet, which would have infallibly
" reduced it to aſhes; and that the next, which
" they have calculated for one and thirty years
" hence, will probably deſtroy us. For, if in
" it's

" it's perihelion it ſhould approach within a " certain degree of the ſun, (as by their calcu- " lations they have reaſons to dread) it will " receive a degree of heat ten thouſand times " more intenſe, than that of red-hot glowing " iron; and, in it's abſence from the ſun, carry " a blazing tail ten hundred thouſand and four- " teen miles long; through which if the earth " ſhould paſs at the diſtance of one hundred " thouſand miles from the *nucleus*, or main " body of the comet, it muſt in it's paſſage be " ſet on fire, and reduced to aſhes. That the " ſun, daily ſpending its rays without any nutri- " ment to ſupply them, will at laſt be wholly " conſumed and annihilated; which muſt be " attended with the deſtruction of this earth, " and of all the planets that receive their light " from it.

" THEY are ſo perpetually alarmed with the " apprehenſions of theſe and the like impending " dangers, that they can neither ſleep quietly in " their beds, nor have any reliſh for the com- " mon pleaſures or amuſements of life. When " they meet an acquaintance in the morning, " the firſt queſtion is about the ſun's health, " how he looked at his ſetting and riſing, and " what hopes they have to avoid the ſtroke of

" an approaching comet. This converſation " they are apt to run into with the ſame temper, " that boys diſcover to hear terrible ſtories of " ſpirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily " liſten to, and dare not go to bed for fear."

LET Us, however, baniſh from our thoughts all ſuch vain notions, and let us fortify our minds with a true ſenſe of religion, which will teach us to rely on the protection of that providence, which has hitherto preſerved us. It is with great pleaſure that I remark the unanimous concurrence of almoſt all ranks of people, in allowing the proptiety of the preſent ſolemn Faſt, as a neceſſary act of humiliation, to avert the wrath and vengeance of heaven, and call down it's mercies upon us. It is true, indeed, that no perſons do more prejudice to the cauſe of religion, than they who cloud it's genuine chearfulneſs with the gloom of ſuperſtition, and are apt to conſider every common accident that befalls us, as a judgment. They cloath religion in the moſt terrifying habit, and (as it were) dreſs it up in all the horrors of the Inquiſition. Theſe people are much to be pitied; and it is to be wiſhed, that their miſtaken piety could be better regulated. But there is another ſet of men of a different

turn,

turn, more numerous, and much more dangerous to the community, who treat every act of religion as a jeſt, and hold it's moſt ſacred ordinances in contempt. Set forms and ceremonies, though they have no eſſential virtue in themſelves, are yet indiſpenſibly requiſite to keep alive in us a quick ſenſe of our duty. It muſt be allowed, indeed, that if a man could conſtantly employ his mind in holy meditations, exerciſe the virtues, and believe the myſteries of our religion, he would be a true Chriſtian, though he never complied with any outward forms, or ſo much as repeated a ſingle prayer. But it is manifeſt from experience, that thoſe, who neglect the ordinances, neglect alſo the duties of a Chriſtian; and the leaſt reflection on the human mind will convince us, that ſome external rites are neceſſary to ſettle the wandering ideas, and to fix the attention on it's proper object. The fervent repetition of a prayer inſpires us with love and gratitude towards the DEITY, and kindles the ſparks of devotion within us: and it is eaſy to conceive, that, if the celebration of public worſhip was neglected among us only for one year, it would be a more fatal blow to religion, than all the weak attacks of infidels and free-thinkers.

BUT though forms may be ſaid to compoſe the body, a good life is the ſoul of religion, without which the reſt is but a dead maſs. The moſt rigid compliance with every ordinance of the church, if it has no influence on our conduct, is rather a ſolemn mockery, than an atonement for our offences: as they, who receive the bread and wine without a firm reſolution to lead a new life, are ſaid to eat and drink their own damnation. Wherefore, a ſtrict obſervance of this or that particular day is not a ſufficient diſcharge of our duty, except it ſerve to rouze us from the lethargy of ſin, to awaken in us a deſire of becoming worthy the protection of the ALMIGHTY, by animating our faith, amending our lives, and working in us a repentance of our tranſgreſſions. Thus the Lord's Day is not merely ſet apart for devotion, with an unlimited licence to wickedneſs all the reſt of the week; but our being particularly exerciſed in acts of piety for one day is calculated to ſtrengthen our virtue, and to give a tincture of religion to our whole conduct through the other ſix.

ON the preſent ſolemn occaſion, I doubt not but every perſuaſive, tending to make this temporary Faſt a laſting benefit, will be urged by the Clergy: I ſhall therefore content myſelf with touching

touching on ſome laxities in the uſual manner of keeping a Faſt; which, though they are not of ſufficient dignity to be taken notice of from the pulpit, ſhould yet be pointed out, as the violation of the Faſt in theſe particulars is almoſt univerſal.

THE very name of a Faſt implies a day of abſtinence, of mortification and ſelf-denial: which has always been enjoined as a neceſſary means of ſubduing irregular deſires, and fitting us for holy meditations. For this reaſon, in former days, when people of quality roſe earlier than even mechanics now open their ſhops, when the court itſelf dined at eleven, that meal was deferred 'till four o'clock in compliance with this religious exerciſe, which was in thoſe times a real abſtinence, a true piece of mortification and ſelf-denial. But if the obſervance of a Faſt conſiſts in not dining 'till four o'clock, our perſons of faſhion may be ſaid to faſt every day of their lives. In truth, the ſeveral hours of the day are adapted to ſuch very different employments to what they were formerly, that our four o'Clock ſtands in the place of their eleven: and nothing can be more abſurd, (to uſe no harſher term) than to adhere to the form in the performance of a religious act, when by the

the alteration of circumſtances that form flatly contradicts the very meaning of it's original inſtitution. I would alſo aſk thoſe rigid devotees, who obſerve this day in all the ſtrictneſs of the letter, and would be ſhocked at the ſight of a leg of mutton or beef-ſteak on their tables, whether the dining upon ſalt or other fiſh may not be conſidered rather as feaſting than faſting, if (as is often the caſe) it ſhould happen to be a diſh they are remarkably fond of. All theſe methods of keeping a Faſt without abſtinence, mortification, or ſelf-denial, are mere quibbles to evade the performance of our duty, and entirely fruſtrate the deſign of appointing this ſolemnity. There is ſomething of this nature very commonly practiſed in *France*; where there are many families, who keep the whole Lent with great ſtrictneſs, but the laſt night of it invite a great deal of company to ſupper. The moment the clock ſtrikes twelve, a magnificent entertainment, conſiſting of all ſorts of rich fare, is ſerved up, and theſe moſt Chriſtian debauchees ſit down to indulge in luxury, without ſinning againſt the Canon.

I CANNOT conclude without an earneſt wiſh, that the obſervation of the preſent Faſt may awaken in us a ſerious attention to our duty hereafter; that we may not ſeem to have barely complied

plied with a ſtated form, or to have been affected with the ſhort-lived piety of a ſingle day. As to thoſe, who require conſtantly to be frightened into their duty, I will for once venture to commence prophet: and let them be aſſured that my predictions will infalliby come to paſs. There is a danger, more certain than an Earthquake or a Comet, which will inevitably overwhelm us; a danger, from which we cannot poſſibly guard ourſeves, and which perhaps is even now at our doors. This danger I cannot better ſet forth, than in the alarming words of a celebrated *French* preacher. "I know a man, (and I will point him out pre-"ſently) who is now in this church; a man, in "perfect health; a man in the flower of his age: "and yet this man, perhaps before next Sunday, "perhaps by to-morrow, will be in his grave. "This man, my dear brethren, is Myſelf who "ſpeak to you, it is You who hear me."

O

NUMB. CVII. *Thurſday, February* 12, 1756.

Cedunt grammatici, vincunter rhetores. — JUV.

Full in the midſt of Euclid *dip at once,*
And petrify a genius to a dunce. POPE.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR, — *College, Cambridge, Jan.* 30, 1756.

I HAVE juſt now, with near an hundred more, taken the firſt degree, which this Univerſity confers on her ſons; and begin to conſider within myſelf, in what manner we have ſpent our time for theſe four years paſt, and what profit we are likely to receive hereafter from our academical ſtudies. But upon retroſpection I find that, inſtead of having laid up a ſtore of learning which might have been of ſervice to us in our future connections and intercourſe with mankind, we have been confounding our heads with a miſcellaneous heap of nonſenſe, which moſt of us, I am certain, are endeavouring to unlearn as faſt as we poſſibly can: inſtead of having acquired ſuch a ſhare of common ſenſe, as might have been of ſervice to ourſelves and acquaintance, we muſt entirely ſell off our old ſtock,

and

begin the world of literature anew. This reflection cannot be very pleaſing to thoſe, who, I muſt ſay, have ſquandered away ſo very precious a time of life; a time of life, when, though judgment perhaps is not come to maturity, yet imagination and invention, thoſe noble offſprings of a promiſing mind, are in the very flower and bloom of perfection.

THIS ſeat of learning, for it undoubtedly deſerves that name, has drawn and kept us together for ſome years: our manners, converſation, and ſtudies bear a great ſimilitude; but now either chance or choice is going to diſperſe us over the whole kingdom; and our places of abode will ſcarce be more widely different, than our ſchemes of life. Notwithſtanding this, the ſame plan of ſtudy has been impoſed on all: whether agreeable or contrary to the bent of inclination, has never been regarded. Mathematics is the ſtandard, to which all merit is referred; and all other excellencies, without theſe, are quite overlooked and neglected: the ſolid learning of *Greece* and *Rome* is a trifling acquiſition; and much more ſo, every polite accompliſhment: in ſhort, if you will not get all *Euclid* and his diagrams by heart, and pore over *Saunderſon* 'till you are as blind as he was himſelf,

himſelf, they will ſay of you, as in the motto to one of your late papers, *actum eſt! ilicet! periſti! 'tis all over with you! you are ruined! undone!* Not that I would depreciate this kind of learning; it is certainly a moſt noble ſcience, and reflects the greateſt honour on human wit and invention: all that I complain of, is the unreaſonable ſtreſs that is laid upon it; nay even the moſt abſtruſe parts of it: which is ſtill more abſurd, as there are ſo very few heads able to perceive and retain the nice chain of reaſoning and deduction, which muſt neceſſarily be made uſe of; and as a ſmall number of mathematical geniuſes would be ſufficient for the ſervice of his Majeſty's dominions.

I TAKE it for granted, that your ſagacity has by this time diſcovered, that you have been addreſſed by a young man, whoſe too overweening conceit of himſelf has perhaps induced him to imagine, that the Univerſity has not ſufficiently rewarded his deſerts: if ſo, you are not deceived. But, though this diſappointment may at preſent ſet a little uneaſy upon me, yet I think I can foreſee, that it will be the moſt fortunate mortification, that could poſſibly have befallen me. For, in the firſt place, it has ſufficiently abated that upſtart pride, which moſt young

young men are apt to take in their own abilities; than which nothing can be more irkſome to all their acquaintance, or a greater impediment to their own real improvement. A pert ſcholar, whenever he enters a room of company, immediately aſſumes a ſuperiority in diſcourſe, and thinks himſelf obliged to correct all improprieties in thought or expreſſion. You muſt "ſpeak by "the card," as *Hamlet* ſays, or expect the cenſure of this ſuperficial coxcomb. If, according to the common form of ſpeech, you ſay, that there is either heat in fire, or coldneſs in ice, he will inform you, that you deliver yourſelf very inaccurately, as Mr. *Locke* has fully demonſtrated; he will tell you, you cannot prove, that two and two make four, or that you are alive yourſelf. Theſe, and a thouſand other obſervations equally impertinent, he is continually making, to the no ſmall uneaſineſs and perplexity of the ladies and honeſt country gentlemen.

WHAT is ſtill a greater misfortune, is, that a man of this caſt is never likely to know any better: for, having raked together a few metaphyſical diſtinctions and ſcholaſtic refinements, he thinks he has laid up a ſufficient fund of knowledge for his whole life: he deſpiſes all common ſenſe (which is the beſt ſenſe) through

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an ambition of appearing particular: and as for the advice or opinion of others, thoſe he thinks himſelf indiſpenſibly bound to diſregard; inaſmuch as ſuch ſubmiſſion implies ſome inferiority, which he would by no means be thought to labour under. Such a diſpoſition as this I take to be the ſure and infallible token of confirmed ignorance: a melancholy inſtance of the depravity of human nature, that the leſs we know, the more we preſume; and the fewer advances we have made towards true knowledge, the leſs occaſion we think we have of any further improvement.

In the ſecond place, if I may be allowed to judge of what I cannot poſſibly have experienced, I take it to be the greateſt benefit to a young perſon to meet with early diſappointments in life: for ſooner or later every one muſt have his ſhare of them; and the ſooner we meet with ſome of them the better. By this means the mind is eaſily made familiar with croſſes and vexations, and is not thrown off it's balance by every thwarting and wayward accident: by this means we ſubmit to ills and troubles, as the neceſſary attendants on mankind; as on a rainy day we make ourſelves quiet and contented, but hope for ſunſhine on the morrow. And, indeed,

indeed, there ſeems to be a ſtrong analogy between the inclemency of the weather attacking our bodies, and the ſtorms of afflictions which batter our minds. The rain will beat, and the wind will roar, let us uſe our utmoſt endeavours to the contrary; but by inuring our perſons to the viciſſitudes of the ſeaſons, and uſing other proper methods, we ſhall feel no very ſenſible inconvenience from them. In like manner, all our ſkill and art cannot prevent or elude the rubs and diſaſters, to which we are liable: but if by degrees, and early in life, we are hardened and accuſtomed to them, and if by the help of reaſon and ſound philoſophy we arm and fortify ourſelves againſt them, they may ſtill perhaps reach us, but their ſhocks will be quite weak and languid; and we may ſay of the darts of Fortune, as *Virgil* ſays of *Priam*, when he hurled a javelin at *Pyrrhus*,

— — — — Telum imbelle ſine ictu
Conjecit. — — — — —

Short of it's aim, and impotent to wound,
The feeble ſhaft falls hurtleſs in the ground.

THUS you ſee, Mr. TOWN, that out of a ſeeming evil I have diſcovered a real good: and I am certain, if this method of reaſoning could be

be made univerſal, we ſhould find much fewer murmurers againſt the preſent diſtribution and order of things.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

B. A.

Mr. TOWN,

I AM ſo great an admirer of the fair ſex, that I never let a tittle of their vendible writings eſcape me. I bought this year the *Lady's Diary*, merely becauſe it was advertiſed as the *Woman's Almanack*, which I conſtrued, the Almanack compoſed by a Woman; but I find I have been miſtaken in my ſuppoſition. It is not the work of a female. The Chriſtian name of the author, I have reaſon to believe, is *Marmaduke*; unleſs I miſunderſtood a moſt curious copy of verſes, deſcribing a moſt ſuperb entertainment, of fiſh, fleſh, pies, and tarts, exhibited upon New Year's Day 1755. His Sirname remains as great an ænigma as any in his book. His coadjutors, contributors, or aſſiſtants are Meſſieurs *Walter Trott*, *Timothy Nabb*, *Patrick Ocavannah*, *John Honey*, *Henry Seaſon*, and others. I honour theſe gentlemen, and their works: but I own my chief delight is reading over the Riddles and Unriddles, the Queſtions and the Anſwers

of

of Miſs *Sally Weſt*, *Cælia*, Miſs *Nancy Evelyn*, Miſs *E. S.* Miſs *Atkinſon*, *Enira*, and other choice little feminine ſpirits of the age. Riddles are ſo becoming, and appear ſo pretty, when dandled about by ladies, that they may be compared to ſoft, ſmooth, painted waxen babies, dreſſed up in a proper manner for Miſſes to play with, from eighteen to fourſcore. But above all I muſt take this opportunity of congratulating dear Miſs *Fanny Harris*, who, I find, "*has* "*given an elegant Solution to a Prize Problem* "*by a Fluxionary Calculus founded on the Pro-* "*perties of Tangents*," and by that means has run away with no leſs than twelve Diaries for this important year 1756. As this young lady is juſtly called "the honour of her ſex," and deals entirely in the Properties of Tangents, I fear ſhe will never deſcend ſo low as *Riddleme Riddlemeree*; and therefore I muſt humbly offer, by the vehicle of your paper, Mr. TOWN, a ſmall Riddle, invented with much pains and thought by myſelf, to the ſolution of thoſe three ingenious Spinſters, Miſs *Polly Walker*, Miſs *Grace Tetlow*, and Miſs *Ann Rickaby*, to appear in the *Lady's Diary* of 1757, and to receive upon appearance, as a premium, one complete ſet of the CONNOISSEUR in Pocket Volumes, to be the property of one or more

of theſe three ladies, who ſhall explain my Ænigma.

Fire and Water mix'd together,
Add to this ſome Salt and Tin,
Tell me, Ladies, tell me whether
In this Mixture there is Sin?

THE Solution itſelf, if not truly explained by the *Three Graces*, to whom I now addreſs it, ſhall appear, by your permiſſion, in the firſt CONNOISSEUR after next New Year's Day.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

MICHAEL KRAWBIDGE.

NUMB. CVIII. *Thurſday, February* 19, 1756.

Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Erebumque, Chaoſque,
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria Virginis ora Dianæ.
VIRG.

Dire execrations ſplit your ears aſunder,
Death! and Damnation! Furies! Blood! and Thunder!

AS there are ſome vices, which the vulgar have preſumed to copy from the great; ſo there are others, which the great have condeſcended to borrow from the vulgar. Among theſe

theſe I cannot but ſet down the ſhocking practice of Curſing and Swearing: a practice, which (to ſay nothing at preſent of it's impiety and profaneneſs) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the ſame level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretenſions to that title, who ſhould chuſe to embelliſh his diſcourſe with the oratory of *Billingſgate*. and converſe in the ſtyle of an oyſter-woman: but it is accounted no diſgrace to him, to uſe the ſame coarſe expreſſions of Curſing and Swearing with the meaneſt of the mob. For my own part, I cannot ſee the difference between a *By Gad* or a *Gad dem-me* minced and ſoftened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the ſame expreſſion bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-coachman.

I SHALL purpoſely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am ſatisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beau-monde* or the *canaille*. The Swearer of either ſtation devotes himſelf piece-meal, as it were, to deſtruction; pours out anathemas againſt his eyes, his heart, his ſoul, and every part of his body; nor does he ſcruple to extend the ſame good wiſhes to the limbs and joints of his friends

and acquaintance. This they both do with the ſame fearleſs unconcern; but with this only difference, that the Gentleman-Swearer damns himſelf and others with the greateſt civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predeceſſor the Tatler gives us an account of a certain humouriſt, who got together a party of noted Swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their diſcourſe to be taken down in ſhort-hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely ſtartled and ſurprized at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper ſupplement to Swift's *Polite Converſation*: though, indeed, it would appear too ſhocking to be ſet down in print. But I cannot help wiſhing, that it were poſſible to draw out a catalogue of the faſhionable Oaths and Curſes in preſent uſe at *Arthur*'s or any other polite aſſembly: by which means the company themſelves would be led to imagine, that their converſation had been carried on between the loweſt of the mob; and they would bluſh to find, that they had gleaned their choiceſt phraſes from lanes and alleys, and enriched their diſcourſe with the elegant dialect of *Wapping* and *Broad St. Giles's*.

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THE legiſlature has, indeed, provided againſt this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his ſtation: but this law, like thoſe made againſt gaming, is of no effect; while the genteeler ſort of Swearers pour forth the ſame execrations at the Hazard-table or in the Tennis-court, which the more ordinary gameſters repeat, with the ſame impunity, over the Shuffle-board or in the Skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorouſly put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the puniſhment: ſince the gentleman would eſcape by depoſiting his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raiſe a ſhilling, muſt be clapped in the Stocks, or ſent to *Bridewell*. But as the offence is exactly the ſame, I would alſo have no diſtinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a moſt ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thruſt his leg through the ſame Stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; ſince he firſt degraded himſelf, and qualified himſelf for their company, by talking in the ſame mean dialect.

I AM aware, that it will be pleaded in excuſe for this practice, that Oaths and Curſes are intended only as mere expletives, which ſerve

to round a period, and give a grace and ſpirit to converſation. But there are ſtill ſome old-faſhioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very ſerious matter, that a man ſhould devote his body to the Devil, or call down damnation on his ſoul. Nay, the Swearer himſelf, like the Old Man in the fable calling upon Death, would be exceeding loth to be taken at his word; and, while he wiſhes deſtruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his noſe fall off, or an eye drop out of the ſocket. It would, therefore, be adviſeable to ſubſtitute ſome other terms equally unmeaning, and at the ſame time remote from the vulgar Curſing and Swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean *Stanhope*, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof. One evening, as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric ſo natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy Dean took occaſion to tell a ſtory in his turn; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and

and *glaſs*, inſtead of the uſual expletives of *God*, *Devil*, and *Damn*, which he did not think quite ſo becoming for one of *his* cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of faſhion to make uſe of the like innocent phraſes, whenever they are obliged to have recourſe to theſe ſubſtitutes for thought and expreſſion. "*Bottle* and *glaſs*" might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the *King's Arms* or *St. Alban's* taverns. The gameſter might be indulged, without offence, in ſwearing by the "*Knave of Clubs*," or the "*Curſe of Scotland*;" or he might, with ſome propriety, retain the old execration of the "*Deuce take it.*" The beau ſhould be allowed "to ſwear by his gracious "ſelf, which is the god of his idolatry:" and the common expletives ſhould conſiſt only of "upon my word," and "upon my honour;" which terms, whatever ſenſe they might formerly bear, are at preſent underſtood only as words of courſe without meaning.

O

NUMB. CIX. *Thurſday, February* 26, 1756.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt; eſt, ubi peccat.
HOR.

What ev'ry body ſays, is often true;
But very often 'tis a falſehood too.

THE world is indebted to that ingenious inquirer after truth, the famous Sir *Thomas Brown*, for an excellent treatiſe, in which he has refuted ſeveral idle and ridiculous opinions, that prevailed in his time; to which work he has very properly given the title of VULGAR ERRORS. Among others, of no leſs importance, he has taken great pains to explode the common notion, that a witch can make a voyage to the *Eaſt Indies* in an egg-ſhell, or take a journey of two or three hundred miles acroſs the country on a broom-ſtick: an aſſertion, maintained by that wiſe monarch, King *James* the firſt, who even condeſcended to commence author in ſupport of it. He has alſo refuted the generally received opinion, that the Devil is black, has horns upon his head, wears a long curling tail, and a cloven ſtump; nay, has even denied, that whereſoever he goes, he always leaves a ſmell of

of brimſtone behind him; and has no leſs ſeriouſly endeavoured to ſhew the abſurdity of the ſuppoſition, that *Adam* and *Eve* were born into the world without navels. But all theſe miſtaken notions, though they might poſſibly obtain belief in former times of ſuperſtition and ignorance, could never have been countenanced in this more enlightened age. So far from acknowledging the power of witchcraft, we even doubt the exiſtence of the Witch of *Endor:* that illuſtrious perſonage the Devil is only looked upon as a mere bugbear: and the loweſt mechanics have been taught at the *Robin Hood* Society, that the whole account of our firſt parents is nothing but a fiction and an old woman's ſtory.

SINCE the days of Sir *Thomas Brown* ſuch ſtrange revolutions have happened among us, in the arts and ſciences, in religion, in politics, and in common life, that I cannot but think, a work, intended as a ſupplement to the above-mentioned treatiſe of VULGAR ERRORS, would be highly acceptable to the public; ſince it is notorious, that many tenets, which were then thought indiſputable truths among all ranks of people, are now proved to be erroneous, and are only credited by the uniformed vulgar.

A work of this nature it is my intention ſhortly to publiſh: in the mean time, I ſhall content myſelf with laying the following ſpecimen of the performance before my readers.

THE ignorance of the multitude has hitherto pronounced it "to be abſolutely impoſſible that "a Maid can be with child." But it is well known to the learned, that in theſe later times there have been many inſtances of maiden-mothers: though, whether they are impregnated by the weſt-wind, like *Virgil*'s mares, or, as it was ſaid of *Juno*, by eating a ſallad; whether they bring forth, as *Dutch* ladies do, *Sooterkins*; whether they conceive by intuition, or the operation of the fancy; or by what other cauſe, has not been aſcertained. Several inſtances have been recorded, among the *Roman Catholicks*, of Nuns and Lady-Abbeſſes, who have miraculouſly proved with child: and here in *England* we have more than once heard of the pregnancy of a Maid of Honour. I myſelf know a lady, almoſt approaching to the verge of an old maid, who was very much bloated and puffed up with the wind-cholic; for relief of which ſhe went into the country for a month, and was unexpectedly ſeized with the pangs of child-birth. I have been told of another, a virgin of the moſt unſpotted

unſpotted character, who very unaccountably fell into labour, juſt as they were going to tap her for the dropſy. An eminent man-widwife of my acquaintance was in the beginning of his practice called to a virgin, who, to his great ſurprize, brought forth an embryo, in form and appearance exactly reſembling a mandrake. This he conſidered as a moſt wonderful *Luſus Naturæ*; and had actually drawn up an account of it (with a figure of the monſter) to be laid before the Royal Society: but in leſs than a twelvemonth he delivered the ſame lady, who ſtill continued in a ſtate of virginity, of another falſe conception, like the former; and for many years after, this prodigy of a virgin had ſeveral other monſtrous and preternatural births of the ſame kind. He further aſſures me, that he has ſince very frequently met with theſe *phænomena*; and that the only difference between maids and married women in this point is, that the former do not manifeſt the ſigns of pregnancy ſo fully in their waiſts, nor do they cry out ſo vehemently in their labour-pains; and it is remarkable, that they never chuſe to ſuckle their children.

It is vulgarly ſuppoſed, that "the events "of Gaming are regulated by blind chance and "fortune:" but the wiſe and polite, that is, the

Knowing Ones, cannot but ſmile at the abſurdity of this notion; though even the ſagacious *Hoyle* and *Demoivre* themſelves, by the nicety of their calculations of chances, ſeem to have adopted this ridiculous doctrine. The profeſſors at *Arthur*'s, and the experienced adepts in the myſteries of Gaming, kindly condeſcend to give leſſons, at reaſonable rates, to thoſe novices, who imagine that the events of play, like thoſe of war, are uncertain: and ſo cogent is their method of inſtruction, that they never fail to convince their pupils, that ſucceſs at dice, as well as bowls, depends upon a ſkilful management of the *Biaſs*, and that the cards are not ſhuffled by the blind hand of fortune.

It is a notion confined wholly to the Vulgar, that "Matrimony brings people together:" but it is notorious, that in higher life a Marriage is the moſt effectual method to keep them aſunder. It is impolite for a man and his wife ever to be ſeen together in public; and a perſon of quality had rather enjoy a *tête a tête* with any body's wife, but his own, in private. Genteel couples have ſeparate amuſements, pay ſeparate viſits, keep ſeparate company, lie in ſeparate beds, and (like the man and woman in a weather-houſe) are never ſeen together: nay more, if they are very

very genteel indeed, the lady has her ſeparate maintenance. On the contrary, if a man of faſhion has a *tendre* for an unmarried lady, they reſide in the ſame houſe, partake of the ſame diverſions, and obſerve every other article of the ſtricteſt cohabitation. The ſureſt way of diſſolving a connection of this ſort is to marry. Sir *John Brute* bluntly declares, that, if he was married to an hogſhead of claret, the thought of Matrimony would make him hate it. Thus, in general, the very names of Wife and Huſband are ſufficient to deſtroy all affection: and it was but a day or two ago that I met with a ſprightly young gentleman much of the ſame opinion with Sir *John*; who being reproached for neglecting his lady for a miſtreſs, and reminded that Man and Wife were one fleſh, replied, that it was very true, and what pleaſure could he have in touching his own fleſh? Modern Wedlock, therefore, may be rather ſaid to divide than unite: at leaſt, if Matrimony ever brings folks together for a time, it is only to ſeparate them more effectually; as, according to the principles of action and re-action, where two bodies are drawn together by a violent attraction, they immediately fly off, and are driven back again from each other, by the principles of repulſion.

IT may well be called a VULGAR ERROR, ſince none but the Vulgar think ſo, that "the "Sabbath is a day of reſt." It is, as experience teaches us, a day of buſineſs with ſome, of pleaſure with others, but of reſt with none. It is true, indeed, that a ceſſation from worldly occupations, together with roaſt beef and plumb pudding, were formerly the characteriſtics of the Sabbath in *England:* but theſe inactive principles are now entirely out of faſhion; nor do I know any perſon, who is ſtrictly debarred from exerciſing his employment on that day, except the Sheriff's Officer. The exact citizen, nicely calculating the damages he would ſuſtain, *on an average*, by the loſs of a ſeventh part of his time, defrauds the Sabbath of it's due right, as he cheats his cuſtomers, *in the way of trade.* As to people of quality, they, I ſuppoſe, (duly conſidering how prodigal they are of their lives by adhering to the polite ſyſtem) are willing to huſband the little time allotted them, by adding "night to day, and Sunday to the week."

IF Old Woman was not a term frequently made uſe of by the perverſe and impolite multitude, I ſhould hardly attempt to prove ſo clear and obvious a propoſition, as that "there "is no ſuch thing in the creation as an Old "Woman,"

"Woman." Old Women, are, indeed, mentioned by ſome few Writers: but I have always looked upon their exiſtence to be as chimerical, as that of the *Brobdignags* or the *Yahoes*; and I do not believe, that there has ever been ſuch an animal in nature ſince the Flood. In the preſent diſtant period we are unable to conceive the leaſt idea of ſuch a creature, as the ſame appearance of youth, the ſame lillies and roſes bloom on the faces of the whole ſex. For a proof of this, if we look round at the opera, the playhouſe, a lady's route, or any other aſſembly, we may obſerve, that all our girls, whether of a ſmaller or of a larger growth, aſſume the ſame air of gaiety and intrigue, and wear the ſame complexions. A limner of great buſineſs has often declared to me, that though he has had ſeveral mothers, and grand-mothers, and great grand-mothers ſit to him, he never yet drew the picture of an Old Woman. *Medea* is ſaid to have renewed the youth and vigour of her father *Æſon* by boiling him, with certain magic herbs, in a cauldron: but I will not preſume to ſay, that our ladies are preſerved from old-age, by ſtewing in a copper, or that, according to a more modern notion, Old Women are ground young again by a mill. This, however, is certain; that youth, as well

as

as beauty, is the perpetual prerogative of the female ſex; and that age, though it ſits venerably on a man, would no more become a lady, than a beard.

In an age ſo enlightened as the preſent, when we have thrown off all other mean prejudices of nature and education, it is no wonder, that we ſhould diſcard the Goſpel; and I am almoſt in doubt, whether I ſhould mention the belief of it as a Vulgar Error, ſince it daily loſes it's credit among us. Wherefore, if I may not be allowed to ſet down the belief in a God, a Saviour, a Future State, the Immortality of the Soul, &c. &c. as prevailing Errors, I cannot omit ſo fair an opportunity of congratulating my cotemporaries on their having overcome them. Nor can I better conclude this paper, than by an hint to my friends, the Freethinkers, cautioning them to conſider, whether, if we were made by chance, the world was made by chance, and every thing elſe was made by chance, there may not alſo be an *Hell* made by chance.

O

NUMB. CX. *Thurſday, March* 4, 1756.

Contractâ melius parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam. HOR.

Virtue ſhall go ſcot-free; our new exciſe
From vice and folly ſhall raiſe large ſupplies.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

EVERY *Engliſhman*, who has the good of his country at heart, muſt lament the perplexity which our miniſters labour under, in contriving ways and means to raiſe money for the preſent exigence of affairs. I have with pleaſure hearkened to the ſeveral projects propoſed in the debates of patriots in our coffee-houſes and private clubs: but though I find they are unanimous in allowing the neceſſity of levying new taxes, every one is willing to ſhift off the burden from himſelf.

I WAS introduced the other night into a ſet of worthy citizens, who very zealouſly took this ſubject into conſideration over their evening pipe. One

One of them, a grave gentleman, pulling the *Evening Poſt* out of his pocket, and putting on his ſpectacles, read aloud to us the ſeveral methods already propoſed; to which many wiſe objections were immediately ſtarted by the company. "What's that? ſays an old don, (who "I afterwards found had a ſmall eſtate in "houſes) An additional duty upon bricks, and "pan-tiles and plain-tiles? I ſuppoſe they will "lay a duty on plain-tile pegs by and by." This ſpeech was received with an hearty chuckle of applauſe from the reſt of the company; when another took occaſion to obſerve, "that he very "much approved the ſcheme for laying a larger "tax upon cards and dice;" one of which he called the *devil's books*, and the other his *bones*. The duty upon plate might perhaps have paſſed into a law in this aſſembly, if it had not been vehemently oppoſed by one member, (whom I diſcovered to be a ſilverſmith,) in which he was ſeconded by the landlord of the houſe, who had a ſeat in this meeting, and told us, "that it would lie very hard upon publicans, "as nobody would now drink their porter out "of a pewter pot." Theſe and the like arguments induced us to ſet aſide all the projects, that had been offered hitherto, and to conſult together in order to find new ones in their room;

room; among which I could not but ſmile at the propoſal of an honeſt peruke-maker, who adviſed the levying of a *poll*-tax upon all that wore their own hair." "For, ſays he, we have "never had good times, ſince wigs were out of "faſhion. What rare days were thoſe in "Queen *Anne*'s reign, when the nobility and "gentry wore large flaxen flows of thirty "guineas price! And, as you may ſee by my "lord *Godolphin*'s monument in *Weſtminſter* "Abby, a prime miniſter's wig could not be "made, I am ſure, under fifty guineas."

THE diſcourſe, that paſſed at this ſociety of politicians, has led me to turn my thoughts on deviſing ſome method, that might anſwer the preſent demands for a ſupply, with the leaſt injury to the community. On this account I am of opinion, that private vices (according to the favourite tenet of *Maundeville*) may in ſome meaſure be converted into public benefits, by laying a certain tax or duty on the faſhionable amuſements of the gay and polite world. For this purpoſe I have with great pains and labour contrived a plan, a few heads of which, without further preface, I ſhall (with your leave) ſubmit to the conſideration of thoſe whom it may concern.

FIRST

FIRST then, I would propoſe, that no perſons of quality, or others, ſhould be allowed to keep any route, drum, aſſembly, viſiting-day, (or whatever other name it may hereafter be called by,) at which more than one hundred perſons ſhall be found aſſembled, without paying a certain rate for every ſuch route, drum, &c. The number of theſe meetings, which are held in this town, (including the city of *London* and the ſuburbs thereof,) I have computed, upon an exact calculation, to amount annually to eight thouſand three hundred and upwards: ſo that if a duty, at only ſix-pence *per* head, were to be levied upon the company, it would bring in a prodigious income to the government; deducting for the decreaſe conſequent of this tax, as alſo for thoſe which we may expect will be ſmuggled, or carried on clandeſtinely. And, as gaming is an eſſential diverſion at all theſe meetings, I would further adviſe, that every card-table be entered, in the ſame manner as all wheel-carriages, and a proportionable rate fixed on them, according to the degree and quality of the owners. Be it enacted moreover, that extraordinary licences ſhall be taken out for playing at cards on the Sabbath-day; but that theſe be granted only to perſons of the higheſt rank and faſhion.

AT

AT the preſent juncture of affairs every one will agree with me, that if an abſolute prohibition be impracticable, an heavy duty ſhould be laid on the importation of *French* faſhions and fopperies into this kingdom. It is therefore but reaſonable that all *French* cooks, valets de chambre, milliners, mantua-makers, hair-cutters, &c. ſhould be at leaſt doubly taxed, as it is notorious that they exact from the dupes, who employ them, more than double the wages or price for their labours, that our own modeſt countrymen would require. This tax, I make no doubt, would produce no inconſiderable ſum for the public uſe: and as our ladies, though I would not ſuſpect that they have *French* hearts, are ambitious of wearing *French* complexions, a further ſum might alſo be raiſed by fixing an high duty upon *rouge* and *carmine*.

THERE are many other particulars in the faſhionable world, which might be turned in the ſame manner to the public good. A tax on kept miſtreſſes, for example; who are now become ſo very numerous, that I queſtion not but a duty, properly levied on them, would be ſufficient to maintain all the widows of our ſoldiers and ſailors, who ſhall happen to be killed in the ſervice. An heavy duty might alſo be laid

laid on all Bagnios, *French*-wine-houſes, *Covent-Garden* coffee-houſes, &c. and ſince, in ſpite of laws and decency, theſe places are ſuffered to be kept open, it is ſurely equitable that they ſhould pay round taxes for the relief of the nation, as well as an annual tribute for the connivance of the neighbouring Juſtices. To add to this ſcheme, and to make vice and folly further contribute to the public neceſſity, I would alſo propoſe, that Meſſieurs *Harris*, *Derry*, and the reſt of the fraternity of Pimps, retained as caterers to the voluptuous at any tavern or Bagnio, ſhould enter all the *hacks* in their ſervice at an exciſe-office appropriated to this purpoſe; and that, to prevent frauds, as well as to point out the means of application to the office for redreſs in caſe of complaint, theſe *hacks* ſhould all be marked and numbered, like the hackney-coaches.

As it is incumbent on every *Engliſhman* to expoſe his life in defence of his country againſt the common enemy, I muſt particularly recommend, that ſome means may be deviſed, that the gallant feats of thoſe men of honour, who rather chuſe to riſk their lives in the modiſh way of duelling, may be attended with ſome advantage to their countrymen. I would therefore adviſe,

adviſe, that ſwords and piſtols, of a ſettled length and bore, with the Tower-ſtamp, be provided by the government for the uſe of Duelliſts, and that they ſhall not preſume to make uſe of any other, under pain of incurring the guilt of murder. Theſe weapons may be let out at a certain price; and if one of the parties happen to kill the other, the ſurvivor ſhall be ſubject to a fine according to his rank and ſtation, and a jury ſhall be directed to bring in the verdict, *Self-Defence*. In like manner, perſons of quality may have leave granted them to put an end to their own lives, after an ill run at cards, or the like emergent occaſions; when on paying a certain rate, they may be indulged in a private execution from the hands of *Jack Ketch*, and the Coroner's inqueſt ſhall be directed to bring in their verdict, *Lunacy*.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant, &c.

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR,

AS you are a CONNOISSEUR, I ſhall make no apology for deſiring you to give the following Advertiſement (which has already appeared in the *Daily Advertiſer*) a place in ſome

ſome corner of your paper. By doing this you will greatly oblige the *Virtuoſi in Flowers*, as well as

Your humble ſervant, &c.

To be Sold by SUBSCRIPTION,

At Half a Guinea each Plant.

AN *Auricula* raiſed by Mr. *William Redmond*, at *Iſlington*, named the TRIUMPH; having fine *Graſs*, a ſtrong *Stem*, a certain *Blower*, a large *Truſſer*, the *Fingers* a juſt Length, a good *Pip* for Size and Shape, the *Eye* extremely white, the *Thrum* full, the *Margin* a beautiful Purple Black, finely variegated with Silver and Green, continues long in *Bloom*, and dies in *Colour*. No plant to be ſold for leſs than one Guinea after the Subſcription is cloſed, until the *Bloom* is over.

NUMB. CXI. *Thurſday, March* 11, 1756.

Tandem deſine matrem. HOR.

With dear mamma O make not ſuch a pother!
But ſtrive to be a man before your mother.

THE generality of the young unmarried ladies of the preſent age diſlike no company ſo much as the elderly perſons of their own ſex,

ſex, whether married or unmarried. Going with an old maiden aunt, a mamma, or grandmamma to the play, or to *Ranelagh*, is ſo inſipid an amuſement, that it robs their entertainment of the very name of a party of pleaſure. To be handed into a box, walk in the public gardens, or make one at a card-table at a route, with a ſprightly young nobleman, or gallant colonel of the guards, has ſome life in it; but to be kept perpetually under the wing of an old lady, can have no charms for a woman of ſpirit. The preſence of theſe antiquated females impoſes a conſtraint on their behaviour: they are, indeed, like the *Duennas* in *Spain*, ſpies on the conduct of the gay and young; and a good old gentlewoman, with a blooming beauty by her ſide, watches her every motion, and is as much frighted, if the pretty creature makes any advances to a man, as an hen, who has been foſter-mother to a brood of ducklings, is alarmed at their taking to the water.

THIS looſe coquet behaviour ſo much in vogue, and conſequently ſo genteel, has, I muſt own, no charms in my eye, as a modeſt deportment appears to me moſt natural and becoming in the fair ſex; and I am always glad to ſee a young lady of ſufficient ſenſe and diſcretion, to

behave with an innocent chearfulneſs, inſtead of apparent uneaſineſs and conſtraint, before her more aged female friends and relations. But though a daughter ſhould prefer no company to her mother, a ſon, always dangling at the ſide of his mamma, would appear as ridiculous, as if he wore his ſiſter's petticoats: and however amiable this maidenly demeanour might ſeem in a young girl, I cannot view it with equal approbation in the character of a Male-Virgin;—a character, with which I ſhall here preſent the reader, as drawn by one of my correſpondents.

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR,

YOU have already given us ſeveral inſtances of thoſe ambiguous creatures among the men, who are both male and female; permit me to add to them an account of thoſe lady-like gentlemen, whom we may diſtinguiſh by the title of *their mother's own ſons*; who have in vain changed the bib and leading-ſtrings for the breeches, and ſtick as cloſe to their mammas, as a great calf to the ſide of an old cow. I am intimately acquainted with one of theſe over-grown babies; who is indeed too big to be dandled in lap, or fed with a pap-ſpoon, though he

he is no more weaned from his mother, than if he had not yet quitted the nurſery.

THE delicate BILLY SUCKLING is the contempt of the men, the jeſt of the women, and the darling of his mamma. She doats on him to diſtraction; and is in perpetual admiration of his wit, and anxiety for his health. The good young gentleman, for his part, is neither undutiful nor ungrateful: ſhe is the only woman, that he does not look on with indifference; and ſhe is his tutoreſs, his phyſician, and his nurſe. She provides his broth every evening; will not ſuffer him to look into a book by candle-light, leſt he ſhould hurt his eyes; and takes care to have his bed warmed: nay, I have known him ſit with his mamma's white handkerchief round his neck through a whole viſit, to guard him from the wind of that *ugly door*, or that *terrible chink in the wainſcot*.

BUT however familiarly he may behave in his addreſſes to his mother, and whatever little acts of gallantry may paſs between them, no encouragement can prevail on him to treat other women with the ſame freedom. Being once deſired at a ball to dance a minuet, inſtead of taking out any of the young ladies, he

could pitch upon no partner ſo agreeable, to whom he might offer the compliment of his hand, as his mother; and I remember, when he was once called upon in a large company at a tavern to give a lady in his turn, he plainly ſhewed who was the ſole miſtreſs of his affections, by toaſting his mother. The gallant cuſtom of challenging a lady to drink a bumper, by leaving it to her option whether ſhe will have *hob* or *nob*, frequently gives a delicious flavour to the liquor, eſpecially when, as I have known it happen, joining the lips of the glaſſes has proved a prulude to a meeting between the lips of the parties: but he could not be prevailed on to accept a glaſs of claret from the faireſt hand, though a kiſs were ſure to follow it. I have known him ſo very nice, as to refuſe a glaſs of ſack filled with walnuts, which had been peeled by the ſnowy fingers of a beautiful young lady; though I have ſeen him ſmack his lips after a glaſs of raiſin wine, in which his prudent mother had been dabbling with her ſnuffy finger, in order to fiſh out the ſmall particles of cork, which might poſſibly have choaked him. If a lady drops her fan, he ſits without any emotion, and ſuffers her to ſtoop for it herſelf; or if ſhe ſtrikes her tea-cup againſt the ſaucer to give notice that it is empty,

he

he pays no regard to the ſignal, but ſees her walk up to the tea-table, without ſtirring from his chair. He would rather leave the moſt celebrated beauty, in croſſing the ſtreet, to the mercy of a drayman, than truſt her with his little finger: though at the ſame time ſhould his mother be ſo diſtreſſed, he would not ſcruple to bear as much of her weight as he could ſtand under, and to redeem her ſilk ſtockings from jeopardy, would even expoſe his own.

One would imagine, that this extreme coyneſs and reſerve, in which he ſo remarkably differs from the generality of his own ſex, would in another reſpect as effectually diſtinguiſh him from the generality of women: I mean, that being leſs polite in his addreſs than a footman, we ſhould hardly expect to find him more loquacious than a chambermaid. But this is really the caſe: ſuffer him to take the lead in converſation, and there are certain topics, in which the moſt prating goſſip at a chriſtening would find it difficult to cope with him. The ſtrength of his conſtitution is his favourite theme: he is conſtantly attempting to prove, that he is not ſuſceptible of the leaſt injury from cold; though a hoarſeneſs in his voice, and the continual interruptions of a conſumptive cough,

give him the lie in his throat at the end of every ſentence. The inſtances, indeed, by which he endeavours to prove his hardineſs, unluckily rather tend to convince us of the delicacy of his frame, as they ſeldom amount to more than his having kicked off the bed-cloaths in his ſleep, laid aſide one of his flannel waiſtcoats in a hot day, or tried on a new pair of pumps, before they had been ſufficiently aired. For the truth of theſe facts he always appeals to his mamma, who vouches for him with a ſigh, and proteſts that his careleſſneſs would ruin the conſtitution of an horſe.

I AM now coming to the moſt extraordinary part of his character. This puſillanimous creature thinks himſelf, and would be thought, a Buck. The noble fraternity of that order find, that their reputation can be no otherwiſe maintained, than by prevailing on an *Iriſh* chairman now and then to favour them with a broken head, or by conferring the ſame token of their eſteem on the unarmed and defenceleſs waiters at a tavern. But theſe feats are by no means ſuited to the diſpoſition of our hero: and yet he always looks upon his harmleſs exploits as the bold frolicks of a Buck. If he eſcapes a nervous fever a month, he is quite a Buck: if he walks home

home after it is dark, without his mamma's maid to attend him, he is quite a Buck: if he ſits up an hour later than his uſual time, or drink a glaſs or two of wine without water, he calls it a debauch; and becauſe his head does not ache the next morning, he is quite a Buck. In ſhort, a woman of the leaſt ſpirit within the precincts of St. *James*'s would demoliſh him in a week, ſhould he pretend to keep pace with her in her irregularities; and yet he is ever dignifying himſelf with the appellation of a Buck.

Now might it not be giving this gentleman an uſeful hint, Mr. TOWN, to aſſure him, that while milk and water is his darling liquor, a Bamboo cane his Club, and his mother the ſole object of his affections, the world will never join in denominating him a Buck: that if he fails in this attempt, he is abſolutely excluded from every order in ſociety; for whatever his deſerts may be, no aſſembly of antiquated virgins can ever acknowledge him for a ſiſter, nature having as deplorably diſqualified him for that rank in the community, as he has diſqualified himſelf for every other: and that, though he never can arrive at the dignity of leading apes in hell, he may poſſibly be condemned to

dangle in that capacity, at the apron ſtring of an old maid in the next world, for having ſo abominably reſembled one in this.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

W. C.

NUMB. CXII. *Thurſday, March* 18, 1756.

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea ſummæ
Curvatura rotæ, radiorum argenteus ordo:
Per juga chryſolithi, poſitæque ex ordine gemmæ.

OVID.

Here on a fair one's head-dreſs ſparkling ſticks,
Swinging on ſilver ſprings, a coach and ſix:
There on a ſprig or ſlop'd pompon *you ſee*
A chariot, ſulky, chaiſe, or vis-â-vis.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

IT has for a long time been obſervable that the ladies heads have run much upon wheels; but of late there has appeared a ſtrange kind of inverſion, for the wheels now run upon the ladies heads. As this aſſertion may probably puzzle many readers, who pay no attention to the rapid and whimſical revolutions of modern taſte,

taſte, it will be neceſſary to inform them, that inſtead of a cap, the preſent mode is for every female of faſhion to load her head with ſome kind of carriage; whether they are made with broad wheels or not I cannot determine; however, as they are undoubtedly excluded the Turnpike Act, it is by no means material. Thoſe heads which are not able to bear a coach and ſix (for vehicles of this ſort are very apt to crack the brain) ſo far act conſiſtently with prudence as to make uſe of a poſt-chariot, or a ſingle-horſe chaiſe with a beau perching in the middle.

THE curioſity I had of knowing the purport of this invention, and the general name of theſe machines, led me to make inquiry about them of a faſhionable milliner, at the court end of the town. She obliged me with the ſight of one of theſe equipages, deſigned for the head of a lady of quality, which I ſurveyed with much admiration; and placing it on the palm of my hand, could not help fancying myſelf, like *Gulliver*, taking up the Empreſs of *Lilliput* in her ſtate-coach. The vehicle itſelf was conſtructed of gold threads, and was drawn by ſix dapple greys of blown glaſs, with a coachman, poſtilion, and gentleman within, of the ſame brittle manu-

facture. Upon further enquiry, the milliner told me, with a ſmile, that it was difficult to give a reaſon for inventions ſo full of whim, but that the name of this ornament (if it may be called ſuch) was a *Capriole* or *Cabriole*; which we may trace from the ſame original with our *Engliſh* word *Caprice*, both being derived from the *French* word *cabrer*, which ſignifies *to prance like an horſe.*

It is not to be doubted, but that this faſhion took it's riſe among the ladies from their fondneſs for equipage; and I dare ſay, that every fair one, who carries a coach and ſix upon her head, would be glad to be carried with equal ſplendor in a coach of her own. I would therefore propoſe a ſcheme, which might render this whimſical mode of ſome kind of ſervice to both ſexes; by which the ladies may give a tacit hint of their inclinations without the leaſt breach of modeſty, the men may prevent the danger and inconvenience attending the preſent method of advertiſing for wives, and the whole courſe of a modern courtſhip may be carried on, by means of this new head-dreſs.

Instead of a *Capriole*, ſuppoſe this capital decoration was called a *Scutcheon* of *Pretence*, which

which muſt not here be underſtood as a term of *Heraldry*, but as an invitation to matrimony. Thus, if a lady preſumes that ſhe has a right, either from her wit, beauty, merit, or fortune, to pretend to a ſet of horſes, let ſix bright bays, blacks, or greys prance down one ſide of her head; and according to the rank ſhe inſiſts upon, let a ducal or an earl's coronet, or a bloody hand be diſtinguiſhed upon her *Capriole*. The females of leſs ambition may likewiſe expreſs their inclinations by a poſt-chariot and pair; and even thoſe who, from a due conſideration of the low condition of the funds, are ſo condeſcending as to ſtoop to a plain cit, have nothing to do but to fix upon their heads a ſingle-horſe chaiſe, filled with a loving couple, ſticking as cloſe together as two dried figs. As to thoſe who have raſhly vowed virginity, if their great proneneſs to cenſure the reſt of their ſex, and the fretfulneſs of their aſpect, be not ſufficient indications to keep the men at a diſtance, they may erect upon their noddles a formal female ſeated in a Sulky, fooliſhly pleaſed with having the whole vehicle to herſelf, and aukwardly exerciſing the imaginary power of having the ſole command of the reins.

As a farther means of facilitating this new method of courtſhip, I muſt beg leave to propoſe, that every lady's boſom ſhould, inſtead of a pendent croſs, which ſavours of popery, be ornamented with a chain and locket, ſomething like thoſe bottle-tickets, which direct us to port, claret, or burgundy, upon which might be curiouſly engraved the numbers two hundred, five hundred, or a thouſand, according to the ſettlement expected. But to thoſe female *Quixotes* who ſcorn the *Capriole*, and erect *Windmills* upon their heads inſtead of it, I ſhall offer a word of advice worthy their attention; which is, that they would provide a pipe of communication, to be conveyed from theſe machines to the brain, and conſtituted upon the model of the ingenious Dr. *Hale*'s ventilators, that, whenever the ſails of the Windmill are put into motion by the external air, they may draw off all pernicious vapours, which may occaſion a vertigo in the inſide, as well as on the outſide of their heads.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

H.

I AM much pleaſed with the propoſal of my ingenious correſpondent, and think it particularly well adapted to the preſent diſpoſition of the

the ladies. A fondneſs for ſhowy equipages is now become one of their darling paſſions; and the ſplendour, in which they are to be maintained, ſeems to be one of the chief conſiderations in modern matches. If a fine lady can be carried to court in a chair richly ornamented, or roll to the opera in a gilt chariot, ſhe little conſiders with how diſagreeable a companion ſhe goes through the journey of life: and a polite female would no more fix her affections on a man, who drives but a beggarly pair, than ſhe could be contented with being tumbled down to his country ſeat, like *Punch*'s wife to *Rumford*, in a wheel-barrow.

THE ladies having thus ſtrongly manifeſted their paſſion for equipage, the gentlemen, I ſuppoſe, out of mere gallantry, and in order to further the gratification of their deſires, have taken great pains to convert themſelves into coachmen, grooms, and jockies. The flapped hat, the jemmy frock with plate buttons and a leathern belt, and the pride which ſome young men of quality take in driving, are all calculated, the better to qualify them for being the ladies humble ſervants. I am therefore for extending my correſpondent's ſcheme: and as the ladies now adorn their heads with the ſign of a coach

and

and ſix, like the door of a *Meuſe* alehouſe, I would have the gentlemen alſo bear theſe emblematical vehicles; by which the other ſex may, by a ſingle glance at a lover's head, ſee in what ſtate they will be ſupported; as we know a clergyman by his roſe, or an officer by his cockade.

THE pretty fellows, who ſtudy dreſs, might ſhew a great deal of invention in ſuiting their *Caprioles* to their circumſtances. Any nobleman or gentleman, who has the honour to be a *Knowing One*, might ſhew his affection for the turf by carrying the horſe and jockey; another, who is an excellent driver, might bear his own figure exalted in a *Phaeton*; and a third, who thinks of picking up a partner for life, that can be pleaſed with a *tête à tête* or ſober piquet party with her huſband, may bear a *vis-à-vis*. In a word, all the different propoſals of various ſuitors might be made by means of theſe ornaments, which might be worn over the foreheads of the beaux, like the white horſe in the grenadiers caps; and the ladies might be as much ſmitten with a promiſing *Capriole* on the head of a lover, as heretofore with an elegant periwig.

If this mode ſhould prevail, the concluding a treaty of marriage between two perſons of quality might be conſidered in the ſame light, and expreſſed in the ſame terms, as *making a match* at *Newmarket*; and inſtead of the hackneyed phraſes at preſent uſed by our newswriters, we might perhaps ſee the important articles, concerning marriages, drawn up after the following manner.

We hear that a match will be ſhortly made between the mourning coach and ſix of a merchant's widow with a great jointure, and an hunter, in fine order, belonging to a younger brother of a noble family.

A running horſe, highly valued for his blood, is expected to ſtart ſoon with a young filly from *Yorkſhire*. Many thouſand pounds are depending on this match.

A few days ago a young fellow from *Ireland*, mounted on a ſingle horſe, attacked an heireſs in her coach and ſix. The lady made little or no reſiſtance, and ſuffered herſelf to be taken out of the coach, and carried off behind him.

A gay coach and ſix, belonging to a young heir juſt of age, came to town laſt week in great ſplendor, and was intended to be matched with

an

an equipage of the ſame kind: but having unfortunately run againſt *Arthur*'s chocolate-houſe, it broke down, and the owner was very much hurt.

We hear from *Bath*, that the poſt-chaiſe of a young lady of great beauty lately made it's appearance in the long room, and ſoon after went off with the landau of a neighbouring country 'ſquire.

We are alſo informed from the ſame place, that an old-faſhioned two-wheel chaiſe with a ſingle horſe, contrived to hold only one perſon, had driven about the walks for ſome time; but having joſtled againſt the Sulky of an old batchelor, in his grand climacteric, it was judged expedient to join them tegether; when they formed a moſt agreeable *vis-à-vis*, for the mutual accommodation of both parties.

NUMB. CXIII. *Thurſday, March* 25, 1756.

O ſanctas gentes, quibus hæc naſcuntur in hortis
Numina! — — — — — — — — JUV.

O hallow'd ground! a grove here rev'rend nods,
Here thick plantations riſe of all the Gods.

VIRTU is almoſt the only inſtance, in which the appearance of literary knowledge is affected in the preſent age; and our perſons of rank acquire juſt enough ſcholarſhip, to qualify themſelves for *Connoiſſeurs*. This ſort of ſtudents become ſufficiently acquainted with the cuſtoms of the ancients, to learn the leſs intereſting particulars concerning them. They can diſtinguiſh a *Tiberius* from a *Trajan*, know the *Pantheon* from the *Amphitheatre*, and can explain the difference between the *prætexta* and the *tunica*: which (only ſuppoſing the preſent times to have elapſed ſome hundred years) is juſt as deep knowledge, as if ſome future antiquarian ſhould diſcover the difference between a *Carolus* and an *Anna*, or St. *Paul's* church and *Drury-Lane* playhouſe, or a full-trimmed ſuit and a *French* frock.

BUT

BUT the full diſplay of modern polite learning is exhibited in the decoration of parks, gardens, &c. and centered in that important monoſyllable, Taſte. Taſte comprehends the whole circle of the polite arts, and ſheds its influence on every lawn, avenue, graſs-plat, and parterre. Taſte has peopled the walks and gardens of the great with more numerous inhabitants than the ancient Satyrs, Fauns, and Dryads. While infidelity has expunged the Chriſtian Theology from our creed, Taſte has introduced the Heathen Mythology into our gardens. If a pond is dug, *Neptune*, at the command of Taſte, emerges from the baſon, and preſides in the middle; or if a viſta is cut through a grove, it muſt be terminated by a *Flora*, or an *Apollo*. As the ancients held that every ſpot of ground had it's guardian Genius, and that woodland deities were pegged in the knotty entrails of every tree, ſo in the gardens laid out by modern Taſte every walk is peopled with gods and goddeſſes, and every corner of it has its tutelar deity. Temples are erected to all the train of deities mentioned in *Homer* or *Ovid*, which edifices, as well as their ſeveral ſtatues, are adorned with *Latin* or *Greek* inſcriptions; while the learned owner wonders at his own ſurpriſing ſtock of literature, which he ſees drawn

drawn out at large before him, like the whole knowledge of an apothecary inſcribed upon his gallipots.

THESE perſons of Taſte may be conſidered as a ſort of learned idolators, ſince they may be almoſt ſaid to adore theſe graven images, and are quite enthuſiaſtic in their veneration of them. The following letter may poſſibly give them ſome offence; but as I have myſelf no extravagant fondneſs for a *Jupiter Tonans* or a *Belvidere Apollo*, I heartily wiſh the ſcheme propoſed by my correſpondent may take place, though it ſhould reduce the price of heathen godheads.

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR,

AT a time when all wiſe heads are conſidering of ways and means to raiſe taxes, that may prove the leaſt oppreſſive to indigence, and moſt effectually reſtrictive of luxury, permit me to propoſe (as a ſupplement to the thoughts of one of your correſpondents on this ſubject) a national tax upon Gods.

IT is a ſtrange but an undeniable truth, Mr. TOWN, that if you and I were to travel through

through *England*, and to viſit the citizen in his country box, the nobleman at his ſeat, the eſquire at the hall-houſe, and even the divine at his parſonage, we ſhould find the gardens, avenues, and groves, belonging to each manſion, ſtuffed and ornamented with Heathen Gods.

In the preſent declining ſtate of our eſtabliſhed religion, I almoſt tremble to conſider what may be the conſequences of theſe ready-made deities. Far be it from me to ſuppoſe that the great and the rich will worſhip any God whatſoever: but ſtill I am induced to fear that the poor and the vulgar, when they find all other worſhip ridiculed and laid aſide, may fooliſhly take to theſe molten images, and adore every leaden godhead they can find, If a tax on wheels has put down ſome hundreds of coaches, by a parity of reaſon, a tax upon Gods may pull down an equal, if not a greater, number of ſtatues. I would alſo offer another propoſal; which is this: That an oak be immediately planted where-ever a ſtatue has been taken away; by which means thoſe vaſt woods, which of late years have been cut down in *England*, to ſupply the immediate neceſſities of the illuſtrious *Arthurites* in *St. James's-Street*, may be in ſome meaſure ſupplied to future generations.

Among

AMONG our preſent taxes, ſome of them fall upon branches of ſplendor not totally luxurious. Wheel-carriages may be neceſſary; want of health or lameneſs of limbs may require them: but what neceſſities can we pretend for ſtatues in our gardens, *Penates* in our libraries, and *Lares* on every chimney-piece? I have remarked many wild whims of this kind, that have appeared ſubmiſſions, if not attachments, to idolatry. A gentleman of my acquaintance has deſtroyed his chapel, merely becauſe he could not put up ſtatues in it, and has filled his garden with every god that can be found in *Spence*'s *Polymetis*. Another of my friends, after having placed a *Belvidere Apollo* very conſpicuouſly and naked upon the top of a mount, has erected an Obeliſk to the Sun: and this expence he has not put himſelf to for the beauty of the Obeliſk, for it is not beautiful, nor again for the ſplendor of the planet, which is of pewter double gilt, but only becauſe, being in poſſeſſion of copies or originals of every deity that *Greece* or *Italy* could boaſt, he was reſolved to have the God of *Perſia* to complete his collection. A poll tax therefore upon gods and goddeſſes, be their repreſentation what it will, Suns, Dogs, Moons, or Monkies, is abſolutely neceſſary, and would infallibly bring in a large revenue to the ſtate.

HAPPENING

HAPPENING to be the other day at *Slaughter*'s coffee-houſe in St. *Martin's-Lane*, I ſaw two very fine ſtatues of *Fame* and *Fortune*, brought out of Mr. *Roubilliac*'s gate, and expoſed to view, before they were nailed up and carted. The boy of the houſe told us they were to be placed upon the top of Sir *Thomas* ——'s chapel in *Hampſhire*. "Is "it for ſuch as theſe (obſerved a ſneering papiſt, "who ſtood near me,) that crucifixes have been "removed, and that reverend ſaints and martyrs "have been deſtroyed, and pounded into duſt? "Is it for theſe, that St. *Peter* has been broken "to pieces, and St. *Paul* melted down into "water-pipes? Muſt *Our Lady* make room for "*Proſerpine?* And the holy giant St. *Chriſtopher* "fall a victim to the *Farneſian Hercules?* Will "you not agree with me, Sir, continued he, "that as men are induced, and almoſt con-"ſtrained, to judge of others by their own man-"ners and inclinations, we who are ſuppoſed to "worſhip the images of chriſtians, muſt na-"turally conclude, that the proteſtants of the "Church of *England* worſhip the images of "heathens." I confeſs I was at a loſs how to anſwer the acuteneſs of his queſtions; and muſt own that I cannot help thinking St. *Anthony* preaching to the fiſhes, or St. *Dunſtan* taking the Devil by the noſe, as proper ornaments for a chapel, as any Pagan Deities whatever.

HITHERTO I have kept you entirely among the molten images without doors, but were we to enter the ſeveral manſions whoſe avenues and demeſnes are adorned in the manner I deſcribe, we ſhould find every chamber a pagod, filled with all the monſtrous images that the idolatry of *India* can produce. I will not preſume to infer that the ladies addreſs *Kitoos* (prayers which the *Japaneſe* make uſe of in time of public diſtreſs) to their *Ingens*, but I am apt to ſurmiſe, that in times of danger and invaſion, ſome of your fair readers would be more alarmed at the approach of the *French* to their china than to their chapels, and would ſooner give up a favourite lap-dog, than a groteſque chimney-piece figure of a *Chineſe* ſaint with numberleſs heads and arms. I have not yet digeſted my thoughts, in what manner the fair ſex ought to be taxed. It is a tender point, and requires conſideration. At preſent, I am of opinion, they ought to be ſpared, and the whole burthen entirely laid upon thoſe *Bramins* and *Imans*, whoſe idolatrous temples lie publicly open to our ſtreets.

I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

MOSES ORTHODOX.

NUMB. CXIV. *Thurſday, April* 1, 1756.

Veſanum tetigiſſe timent fugiuntque poetam.
HOR.

Fly! neighbours, fly! he raves; his verſes ſhow it;
Fly! or you're caught, you're bit by a mad poet.

I REMEMBER, when I was very young, a relation carried me to viſit a gentleman who had wrote ſome pieces that had been very well received, and made me very happy by promiſing to introduce me to an Author. As ſoon as I came, I ſurveyed his whole perſon from top to toe with the ſtricteſt attention, ſat open-mouthed to catch every ſyllable that he uttered, and noticed his voice, manner, and every word and geſture, with the minuteſt obſervation. I could not help whiſpering to myſelf the whole Evening, "I am in company with an Author," and waited with the moſt anxious impatience to hear him deliver ſomething, that might diſtinguiſh him from the reſt of mankind. The gentleman behaved with great chearfulneſs and politeneſs: but he did not at all anſwer the idea, which I had conceived of an Author; and I went away exceedingly diſappointed, becauſe I could

I could not find any ſtriking difference between him and the reſt of my acquaintance.

THERE is no character in human life, which is the ſubject of more frequent ſpeculation among the vulgar, than an Author. Some look on him with contempt, and others with admiration; but they all agree in believing him to be ſomething different from all other people; and it is remarkable with what greedineſs they attend to any little anecdotes, which they can pick up concerning his life and converſation. He is, indeed, a kind of an ideal being, of which people conceive very different notions. By ſome he is ſuppoſed never to ſtir out of a garret, to wear a ruſty black coat, dirty ſhirt, and darned ſtockings, and to want all the neceſſaries, as well as conveniencies, of life; while others regard him as a creature ſuperior to the reſt of mortals, and endued with ſomething more than reaſon. One part, therefore, is ſurpriſed to ſee him walk abroad, and appear as well dreſſed as other people; and another is diſappointed, when they find him talk and act, and fill the offices of life, no better than any other common man.

NOR is it leſs curious to conſider the different ideas they conceive of the manner, in which the

buſineſs of writing is executed. The novice in literature, "ſmit with the love of ſacred ſong," but not yet dipt in ink, ſuppoſes it all rapture and enthuſiaſm, and in imagination ſees the Author running wildly about his room, talking poetry to the chairs and tables: while the mechanic conſiders him as working at his trade, and thinks he can ſit down to write, whenever he pleaſes, as readily as the ſmith can labour at his forge, or a carpenter plane a board. Indeed, he regards the Author with ſome veneration as a ſcholar: but writing appears to him a mighty eaſy buſineſs, and he ſmiles, whenever he hears any body mention the labour of it; nor has he the leaſt conception of the mind's being fatigued with thinking, and the fancy harraſſed with perſuing a long train of ideas.

As people are frequently led to judge of a man from his ordinary converſation, ſo it is common for them to form an idea of the Author's diſpoſition from the peculiar turn and colour of his writings: they expect a gloom to be ſpread over the face of a mathematician; a controverſial writer muſt be given to wrangling and diſpute; and they imagine, that a ſatiriſt muſt be made up of ſpleen, envy, and ill-nature. But this criterion is by no means certain and determinate

determinate: I know an author of a tragedy, who is the merrieſt man living; and one who has written a very witty comedy, though he will ſit an hour in company without ſpeaking a word. Lord *Buckhurſt* is celebrated for being "the beſt "good man with the worſt-natured muſe;" and *Addiſon* was remarkably ſhy and reſerved in converſation. I remember, I once fell into company with a painter, a poet, a divine, and a phyſician, who were no leſs famous for their wit and humour, than for their excellence in their ſeveral profeſſions. After ſome minutes general converſation, the phyſician and the poet fell into a diſpute concerning predeſtination; the divine ſmoked his pipe quietly, without putting in a word; while the painter and myſelf formed a privy council for the good of the nation. Thus, were it poſible to conjure up the ſpirits of the moſt eminent wits in former ages, and put them together, they would perhaps appear to be very dull company. *Virgil* and *Addiſon* would probably ſit ſtaring at each other without opening their mouths; *Horace* and *Steele* would perhaps join in commendation of the liquor; and *Swift* would in all likelihood divert himſelf with ſucking his cheeks, drawing figures in the wine ſpilt upon the table, or twirling the cork-ſcrew round his finger.

THE ſtrange prejudices, which ſome perſons conceive againſt Authors, deter many a youth from drawing his pen in the ſervice of literature: or, if he ventures to commit a favourite work to the preſs, he ſteals to the printer's with as much caution and privacy, as he would perhaps, on another occaſion, to a ſurgeon. He is afraid, that he ſhall injure his character by being known to have written any thing, and that the genteel part of his acquaintance will deſpiſe him as a low wretch, as ſoon as they diſcover him to be an Author: as if merely the appearing in print was a diſgrace to a gentleman, and the *imprimatur* to his works was no more than a ſtamp of ſhame and ignominy. Theſe are the terrors, which at firſt diſturb the peace of almoſt every Author, and have often put me in mind of the exclamation of that writer, who cried out, "O that mine enemy had written a book!"

THESE fearful apprehenſions are perhaps no unlucky drawback on the vanity natural to all Authors, which undoubtedly they often conceal or ſuppreſs, out of deference to the world: but, if this falſe modeſty is too much cheriſhed, it muſt of courſe damp all genius, and diſcourage every literary undertaking. Why ſhould it be diſgraceful to exert the nobleſt faculties given

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us by nature: and why ſhould any man bluſh at acquitting himſelf well in a work, which there is ſcarce one in five hundred has a capacity to perform? Even ſuppoſing an Author to ſupport himſelf by the profit ariſing from his works, there is nothing more diſhoneſt, ſcandalous, or mean in it, than an officer in the army (the politeſt of all profeſſions) living on his commiſſion. Senſe and genius are as proper commodities to traffick in, as courage; and an Author is no more to be condemned as an hackney ſcribbler, though he writes at the rate of ſo much *per* ſheet, than a Colonel ſhould be deſpiſed as a mercenary and a bravo, for expoſing himſelf to be ſlaſhed, ſtuck, and ſhot at for ſo much *per* day. The truth is, that Authors themſelves often create the evils they complain of, and bring a diſgrace on the ſervice of literature, by being aſhamed to wear the badge of it. *Voltaire*, in his *letters on the* Engliſh, relates a remarkable inſtance of this kind of falſe pride in our own *Congreve*. *Voltaire*, when he was in *England*, waited on *Congreve*, and told him, that he was glad of an opportunity of paying his reſpects to a writer ſo much celebrated for his wit and humour. *Congreve* received him politely enough, but replied, that he ſhould be glad to ſee him as a common gentleman,

but would not be conſidered or converſed with as an Author. The *French* writer was a good deal ſurpriſed at ſuch a ridiculous piece of delicacy, and could not help telling him, that, if he had been no more than a common gentleman, he ſhould never have had any deſire of ſeeing him.

I HAVE often pleaſed myſelf with reflecting on the different opinions, which my readers muſt have formed of me, ſince my firſt appearance as an Author. As poverty is one of the general characteriſtics of our brotherhood, thoſe, who indulge themſelves in a contempt of writers, have, I doubt not often painted me to their imagination in a very groteſque taſte. Their ideal caricatures have perhaps often repreſented me lodged at leaſt three ſtories from the ground, compoſing diſſertations on the modern taſte in architecture; at another time I may have been delineated ſitting in a tattered night-gown and the breeches of an heathen philoſopher, writing ſatires on the preſent modes in dreſs: and ſometimes perhaps they have figured me half-ſtarved for want of an hearty meal, penning invectives againſt luxury and debauchery.

But while theſe have reduced me to this low condition, and "ſteeped me in poverty to

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"the very lips," I flatter myſelf, that ſome few have beſtowed on me an extraordinary ſhare of virtue and underſtanding. After ſo many grave leſſons againſt the vices and luxury of the preſent age, they will naturally ſuppoſe, that I never riſked a farthing at the gaming-table, never kept a miſtreſs, would decline an invitation to a turtle-feaſt, and, rather than be provoked to fight a duel, would take a kick on the breech, or tweak by the noſe, with all the calmneſs and reſignation imaginable. As to my wit and humour, I ſhould bluſh to ſet down the many compliments I have had from ſeveral unknown correſpondents on that head: and I once received a note from a very honeſt gentleman, who deſired to ſpend an evening with me, promiſing himſelf great diverſion in cracking a bottle with the facetious Mr. TOWN.

THESE various opinions of me as an Author I ſhall never labour to reconcile: but ſhall be equally contented with inſtructing or amuſing the gentle reader, whether he conſiders my papers as favours ſhowered down upon him from a bookſeller's garret, or iſſuing from my own apartment. However this may be, I ſhall never think it a diſgrace to have written, or be aſhamed to be conſidered as an Author; and

if ever Mr. *Voltaire* ſhould think proper to viſit *England* again, I ſhall be very glad of a literary chat with him, and will give him a moſt gracious reception.

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NUMB. CXV. *Thurſday, April* 8, 1756.

— Cœlebs quid agam? — HOR.

With an Old Bachelor how things miſcarry!
What ſhall I do? go hang myſelf? or marry?

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR, *April* 5, 1756.

NO man is a ſincerer friend to innocent pleaſantry, or more deſirous of promoting it, than myſelf. Raillery of every kind, provided it be confined within due bounds, is, in my opinion, an excellent ingredient in converſation; and I am never diſpleaſed, if I can contribute to the harmleſs mirth of the company, by being myſelf the ſubject of it: but, in good truth, I have neither a fortune, a conſtitution, nor a temper, that will enable me to chuckle and ſhake my ſides, while I ſuffer more from the feſtivity of my friends, than the ſpleen or malice of my enemies could poſſibly inflict upon me; nor

nor do I ſee any reaſon, why I ſhould ſo far move the mirthful indignation of the ladies, as to be teazed and worried to death in mere ſport, for no earthly reaſon, but that I am what the world calls an Old Bachelor.

THE female part of my acquaintance entertain an odd opinion, that a Bachelor is not in fact a rational creature; at leaſt, that he has not the ſenſe of feeling in common with the reſt of mankind; that a Bachelor may be beaten like a ſtock-fiſh; that you may thruſt pins into his legs, and wring him by the noſe; in ſhort, that you cannot take too many liberties with a Bachelor. I am at a loſs to conceive on what foundation theſe romping philoſophers have grounded their hypotheſis, though at the ſame time I am a melancholy proof of it's exiſtence, as well as of it's abſurdity.

A FRIEND of mine, whom I frequently viſit, has a wife and three daughters, the youngeſt of which has perſecuted me theſe ten years. Theſe ingenious young ladies have not only found out the ſole end and purpoſe of my being themſelves, but have likewiſe communicated their diſcovery to all the girls in the neighbourhood: ſo that, if they happen at any time to be apprized of

my coming, (which I take all poſſible care to prevent) they immediately diſpatch half a dozen cards to their faithful allies, to beg the favour of their company to drink coffee, and *help teaze* Mr. *Ironſide*. Upon theſe occaſions, my entry into the room is ſometimes obſtructed by a cord, faſtened acroſs the bottom of the door-caſe; which, as I am a little near-ſighted, I ſeldom diſcover, 'till it has brought me upon my knees before them. While I am employed in bruſhing the duſt from my black rollers, or chafing my broken ſhins, my wig is ſuddenly conveyed away, and either ſtuffed behind the looking glaſs, or toſſed from one to the other ſo dexterouſly and with ſuch velocity, that, after many a fruitleſs attempt to recover it, I am obliged to ſit down bare-headed, to the great diverſion of the ſpectators. The laſt time I found myſelf in theſe diſtreſsful circumſtances, the eldeſt girl, a ſprightly miſchievous jade, ſtepped briſkly up to me, and promiſed to reſtore my wig, if I would play her a tune on a ſmall flute ſhe held in her hand. I inſtanly applied it to my lips, and blowing luſtily into it, to my inconceivable ſurpriſe, was immediately choaked and blinded with a cloud of ſoot, that iſſued from every hole in the inſtrument. The younger part of the company declared I had not executed

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the conditions, and refuſed to ſurrender my wig; but the father who has a rough kind of facetiouſneſs about him, inſiſted on its being delivered up, and proteſted that he never knew the *Black Joke* better performed in his life.

I AM naturally a quiet inoffenſive animal, and not eaſily ruffled; yet I ſhall never ſubmit to theſe indignities with patience, 'till I am ſatisfied I deſerve them. Even the old maids of my acquaintance, who, one would think, might have a fellow-feeling for a brother in diſtreſs, conſpire with their nieces to harraſs and torment me: and it is not many nights, ſince Miſs *Dianna Grizzle* utterly ſpoiled the only ſuperfine ſuit I have in the world, by pinning the ſkirts of it together with a red-hot poker. I own, my reſentment of this injury was ſo ſtrong, that I determined to puniſh it by kiſſing the offender, which in cool blood I ſhould never have attempted. The ſatisfaction, however, which I obtained by this imprudent revenge, was much like what a man of honour feels on finding himſelf run through the body by the ſcoundrel who had offended him. My upper lip was tranſfixed with a large corkin pin, which in the ſcuffle ſhe had conveyed into her mouth; and I doubt not, that I ſhall carry the

memorem labris notam (the mark of this *Judas*-kiſs) from an old maid to the grave with me.

THESE misfortunes, or others of the ſame kind, I encounter daily: but at theſe ſeaſons of the year, which give a ſanction to this kind of practical wit, and when every man thinks he has a right to entertain himſelf at his friend's expence, I live in hourly apprehenſions of more mortifying adventures. No miſerable dunghill cock, devoted a victim to the wanton cruelty of the mob, would be more terrified at the approach of a *Shrove-Tueſday*, were he endued with human reaſon and forecaſt, than I am at the approach of a merry *Chriſtmas* or the Firſt of *April*. No longer ago than laſt *Thurſday* which was the latter of theſe feſtivals, I was peſtered with mortifying preſents from the ladies; obliged to pay the carriage of half a dozen oyſter-barrels ſtuffed with brick-bats, and ten packets by the poſt containing nothing but old news-papers. But what vexed me the moſt, was the being ſent fifty miles out of town, on that day, by a counterfeit expreſs from a dying relation.

I COULD not help reflecting, with a ſigh, on the reſemblance between the imaginary grievance of

of poor *Tom* in the tragedy of *Lear*, and thoſe which I really experienced. I, like him, was led through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; and though knives were not laid under my pillow, minced horſe-hair was ſtrewed upon my ſheets: like him, I was made to ride on an hard-trotting horſe through the moſt dangerous ways, and found, at the end of my journey, that I had only been courſing my own ſhadow.

As much a ſufferer as I am by the behaviour of the women in general, I muſt not forget to remark, that the pertneſs and ſaucineſs of an old maid is particularly offenſive to me. I cannot help thinking, that the virginity of theſe ancient miſſes is at leaſt as ridiculous, as my own celibacy. If I am to be condemned for having never made an offer, they are as much to blame for having never accepted one: if I am to be derided for having never married, who never attempted to make a conqueſt; they are more properly the objects of deriſion, who are ſtill unmarried, after having made ſo many. Numberleſs are the propoſals they have rejected, according to their own account: and they are eternally boaſting of the havock they have formerly made among the knights, baronets, and

'ſquires,

'ſquires, at *Bath*, *Tunbridge*, and *Epſom*; while a tattered madrigal perhaps, a ſnip of hair, or the portrait of a cherry-cheeked gentleman in a milk-white periwig, are the only remaining proofs of thoſe beauties, which are now withered like the ſhort-lived roſe, and have only left the virgin thorn remaining.

BELIEVE me, Mr. TOWN, I am almoſt afraid to truſt you with the publication of this epiſtle: the ladies, whom I laſt mentioned, will be ſo exaſperated on reading it, that I muſt expect no quarter at their hands for the future; ſince they are generally as little inclined to forgiveneſs in their old-age, as they were to pity and compaſſion in their youth. One expedient, however, is left me, which, if put in execution, will effectually ſcreen me from their reſentment.

I SHALL be happy, therefore, if by your means I may be permitted to inform the ladies, that as fuſty an animal as they think me, it is not impoſſible but by a little gentler treatment, than I have hitherto met with, I may be humanized into an huſband. As an inducement to them to relieve me from my preſent uneaſy circumſtances, you may aſſure them, that I am rendered ſo exceeding tractable by the very ſevere diſcipline

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I have undergone, that they may mould and faſhion me to their minds with eaſe; and conſequently, that by marrying me a woman will ſave herſelf all that trouble, which a wife of any ſpirit is obliged to take with an unruly huſband, who is abſurd enough to expect from her a ſtrict performance of the marriage vow, even in the very minute article of obedience: that, ſo far from contradicting a lady, I ſhall be mighty well ſatisfied if ſhe contents herſelf with contradicting me: that, if I happen at any time inadvertently to thwart her inclinations, I ſhall think myſelf rightly ſerved, if ſhe boxes my ears, ſpits in my face, or treads upon my corns: that if I approach her lips, when ſhe is not in a kiſſing humour, I ſhall expect ſhe will bite me by the noſe; or, if I take her by the hand in an improper ſeaſon, that ſhe will inſtantly begin to pinch, ſcratch, and claw, and apply her fingers to thoſe purpoſes, which they were certainly intended by nature to fulfil. Add to theſe accompliſhments, ſo requiſite to make the married ſtate happy, that I am not much turned of fifty, can tie on my cravat, faſten a button, or mend an hole in my ſtocking without any aſſiſtance.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

CHRISTOPHER IRONSIDE.

NUMB. CXVI. *Thurſday, April* 15, 1756.

Deſpicere unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ.
LUCRET.

Here each Profeſſion, and it's tribe we view,
Some toiling in the old, and ſome inventing new.

THOSE parents, who are unable to give their ſons an eſtate, regard the educating them to one of the three great Profeſſions of Law, Phyſic, and Divinity, as putting them in the high road to acquire one. Hence it happens, that nineteen parts out of twenty of our young men are brought up with a view to *Lambeth*, the Seals, or *Warwick-Lane*. But alas! their hopes and expectations of riſing by their Profeſſions are often fruſtrated; and the ſurpriſing numbers, engaged in running the ſame race, neceſſarily joſtle one another. For though the courts of juſtice are tolerably ſupplied with matters of litigation; though there are many invalids and valetudinarians; and though great part of *England* is laid out in church-preferments; yet there is not in all the kingdom ſufficient matter for legal contention, to employ a tenth part of thoſe, who

who have been trained to engroſs deeds in their chambers, or to harangue at the bar: the number of patients bears no proportion to the ſwarms of the Faculty, nor would it, though a conſultation were to ſit on every ſick man, like carrion-flies upon a carcaſe: and the prodigious number of reverend Divines infinitely exceeds that of thoſe biſhopricks, deaneries, prebends, rectories, vicarages, &c. which, when they are ordained, they conceive it to be part of their holy office to fill. From theſe frequent failures in each of the Profeſſions, the younger ſons of great men often wiſh, that they had been permitted to diſgrace the family by ſome mercantile, or more plebeian occupation; while the ſon of the mechanic curſes the pride of his father, who, inſtead of ſecuring him a livelihood in his own buſineſs, has condemned him to ſtarve in pudding-ſleeves, that he may do honour to his relations by being a gentleman.

THE Three Profeſſions being thus crouded with more candidates for buſineſs and preferment, than can poſſibly be employed or promoted, has occaſioned ſeveral irregularities in the conduct of the followers of each of them. The utter impoſſibility of ſupporting themſelves in the uſual method of practiſing Law, Phyſic, or Divinity, without

without clients, patients, or pariſhioners, has induced the labourers in each of thoſe vocations to ſeek out new veins and branches. The young Solicitor, who finds he has nothing to do, now he is out of his clerkſhip, offers his aſſiſtance, in the tranſaction of all law affairs, by the public papers, and, like the advertiſing taylors, promiſes to work cheaper than any of his brethren; while the young Barriſter, after having exhibited his tye-wig in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, during ſeveral terms, to no purpoſe, is obliged to forego the hope of rivalling *Murray* and *Coke*, and content himſelf with being the oracle of the courts of *Carolina* or *Jamaica*. The Graduate in Medicine, finding himſelf unſolicited for preſcription or advice, and likely to ſtarve by practiſing phyſic *ſecundùm artem*, flies in the face of the College, and profeſſes to cure all diſeaſes by *noſtrums* unmentioned in the diſpenſatory. He commences a thriving quack, and ſoon makes his way through the important medical degrees of walking on foot, riding on horſeback, diſpenſing his drugs from an one-horſe chaiſe, and laſtly lolling in a chariot. The Divine, without living, cure, or lectureſhip, may perhaps incur tranſportation for illegal marriages, ſet up a theatrical-oratorical-*Billingſgate* chapel under the ſhelter of the toleration-act and the butchers

butchers of *Clare-Market*, or kindle the *inward light* in the boſoms of the Saints of *Moor-fields*, and the *Magdalens* of *Broad St. Giles's*.

But notwithſtanding theſe ſhoots, ingrafted, as it were, into the main body of the Profeſſions, it is ſtill impoſſible for the vaſt multitude of Divines, Lawyers, and Phyſicians to maintain themſelves, at any rate, within the pale of their reſpective employments. They have often been compelled, at leaſt, to call in adventitious ones, and have ſometimes totally abandoned their original undertakings. They have frequently made mutual tranſitions into the occupations of each other, or have perhaps embraced other employments; which, though diſtinct from all three, and not uſually dignified with the title of Profeſſions, may fairly be conſidered in that light; ſince they are the ſole means of ſupport to many thouſands, who toiled in vain for a ſubſiſtence in the three Capital Ones. On theſe Profeſſions, and their various followers, I ſhall here make ſome obſervations.

The firſt of theſe Profeſſions is an Author. The mart of literature is, indeed, one of the chief reſorts of unbeneficed Divines, and Lawyers and Phyſicians without practice. There are,

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at preſent in the world of Authors, Doctors of Phyſic, who, (to uſe the phraſe of one of them) have no great fatigue from the buſineſs of their profeſſion: many Clergymen, whoſe ſermons are the moſt inconſiderable part of their compoſitions: and ſeveral Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, who, inſtead of driving the quill over ſkins of parchment, lead it through all the mazes of modern novels, critiques, and pamphlets. Many likewiſe have embraced this Profeſſion, who were never bred to any other: and I might alſo mention the many bankrupt tradeſmen and broken artificers, who daily enter into this new way of buſineſs, if, by perſuing it in the ſame mechanical manner as their former occupations, they might not rather be regarded as following a trade, than a Profeſſion.

THE ſecond of theſe Profeſſions is a Player. The ingenious gentlemen, who aſſume the perſons of the Drama, are compoſed of as great a variety of characters as thoſe they repreſent. The hiſtory of the ſtage might afford many inſtances of thoſe, who *in the* trade of death *might have ſlain men*, have yet condeſcended to deal counterfeit ſlaughter from their right hands, and adminiſter harmleſs phials and bowls of poiſon. We might read alſo of perſons, whoſe

whoſe fiſts were intended to beat the "drum "eccleſiaſtic," who have, with unexpected ſpirit become theatrical voluntiers. In regard to the Law, many, who were originally deſigned to manifeſt their talents for elocution in *Weſtminſter-hall*, have diſplayed them in *Drury Lane*; and it may be added, on theatrical authority, that

Not e'en Attorneys *have this rage withſtood,*
But chang'd their pens for truncheons, ink for blood,
And, ſtrange reverſe!—dy'd for their country's good.

I WILL not ſo far affront thoſe gentlemen, who were ever engaged in the ſtudy of the three honourable Profeſſions of Law, Phyſic, and Divinity, as to ſuppoſe that any of them have ever taken up the more faſhionable employment of a Pimp: yet it is certain, that this is a very common and lucrative Profeſſion, and that very many provide themſelves with the neceſſaries of life, by adminiſtering to the pleaſures of others. A convenient couſin, ſiſter, or wife, has ſometimes proved the chief means of making a fortune; and the tongue of ſlander has often ventured to affirm, that the price of procuration has been paid with a place or a biſhoprick.

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THE moſt advantageous and genteel of all Profeſſions is Gaming. Whoever will make this ſcience his ſtudy, will find it the readieſt way to riches, and moſt certain paſſport to the beſt company: for the polite world will always admit any one to their ſociety, who will condeſcend to win their money. The followers of this Profeſſion are very numerous: which is, indeed, no wonder, when we reflect on the numbers it ſupports in eaſe and affluence, at no greater pains than packing the cards or cogging the dice, and no more riſk than being ſometimes tweaked by the noſe, or kicked out of company: beſides which, this Profeſſion daily receives new luſtre from the many Perſons of quality, that follow it, and croud into it with as much eagerneſs, as into the army. Among Gameſters may alſo be found Lawyers, who get more by being maſters of all the Caſes in *Hoyle*, than by their knowledge of thoſe, recorded in the report-books; Phyſicians, the chief object of whoſe attention is the circulation of the E. O. table; and Divines, who, we may ſuppoſe, were hinted at by a famous wit in a certain aſſembly, when, among the other benefits reſulting from a double tax upon dice, he thought fit to enumerate, that it might poſſibly prevent the Clergy from playing at back-gammon.

BUT the more danger the more honour: and therefore no Profeſſion is more honourable than that of an Highwayman. Who the followers of this Profeſſion are, and with what ſucceſs they practiſe it, I will not pretend to relate; as the memoirs of ſeveral of them have been already penned by the Ordinary of *Newgate*, and as it is to be hoped, that the lives of all the preſent practitioners will be written hereafter by that faithful hiſtorian. I ſhall, therefore, only ſay, that the preſent ſpirit of diſſoluteneſs and free-thinking muſt unavoidably bring this honourable Profeſſion more and more into vogue, and that every Seſſions may ſoon be expected to afford an inſtance of a *Gentleman*-Highwayman.

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NUMB. CXVII. *Thurſday, April* 22, 1756.

Ergo haud difficile eſt perituram arceſſere ſummam
Lancibus oppoſitis, vel matris imagine fractâ.
JUV.

Here to the ſpendthrift ready caſh is lent,
On plate, or rings, or watches, cent. *per* cent.
Here, from it's frame th' enamell'd portrait drawn,
The circling brilliants are receiv'd in pawn.

I HAVE often amuſed myſelf with conſidering the mean and ridiculous ſhifts, to which the extravagant are ſometimes reduced. When the certain ſupplies of a regular income are exhauſted, they are obliged to caſt about for ready caſh, and ſet the invention to work, in order to deviſe means of repairing their finances. Such attempts to enlarge their revenue have frequently driven thoſe, whoſe great ſouls would not be curbed by the ſtraitneſs of their circumſtances, into very uncommon undertakings: they have ſent lords to *Arthur*'s, and ladies to aſſemblies, or ſometimes worſe places. We may ſafely conclude, that whoever breaks through all œconomy, will ſoon diſcard honeſty: though perhaps it might be deemed *Scandalum Magnatûm* to aver, that prodigal

prodigal men of quality have often ſold their country to redeem their eſtates, and that extravagant ladies have been known to make up the deficiencies of their pin-money by pilfering and larceny.

ONE of the firſt and chief reſources of extravagance, both in high and low life, is the Pawnbroker's. I never paſs by one of theſe ſhops, without conſidering them as the repoſitories of half the jewels, plate, &c. in town. It is true, indeed, that the honeſt and induſtrious are ſometimes forced to ſupply their neceſſities by this method: but if we were to inquire, to whom the ſeveral articles in theſe miſcellaneous warehouſes belong, we ſhould find the greateſt part of them to be the property of the idle and infamous among the vulgar, or the prodigal and luxurious among the great: and if, in imitation of the ancients, who placed the Temple of Honour behind the Temple of Virtue, propriety ſhould be attempted in the ſituation of Pawnbrokers ſhops, they would be placed contiguous to a gin-ſhop, as in the ingenious print of *Hogarth*, or behind a tavern, gaming-houſe, or bagnio.

GOING home late laſt Saturday night, I was witneſs to a curious dialogue at the door of one

of theſe houſes. An honeſt journeyman carpenter, whoſe wife, it ſeems, had pawned his beſt cloaths, having juſt received his week's pay, was come to redeem them; but, it being paſt twelve o'clock, the man of the houſe, who kept up the converſation by means of a little grate in the door, refuſed to deliver them; though the poor carpenter begged hard for his holiday cloaths, as the morrow was *Eaſter* Sunday. This accident led me to reflect on the various perſons in town, who carry on this kind of commerce with the pawnbrokers, and gave occaſion to the following Dream.

I WAS ſcarce aſleep, before I found myſelf at the entrance of a blind alley, terminated by a little hatch; where I ſaw a vaſt concourſe of people, of different ages, ſex, and condition, going in and coming out. Some of theſe I obſerved, as they went up, very richly dreſt; and others were adorned with jewels and coſtly trinkets: but I could not help remarking, that at their return they were all diveſted of their finery; and ſeveral had even their gowns and coats ſtript off their backs. A lady, who ſtrutted up in a rich brocaded ſuit, ſneaked back again in an ordinary ſtuff night-gown: a ſecond retreated with the loſs of a diamond ſolitaire and pearl

pearl necklace; and a third, who had bundled up her whole ſtock of linnen, ſcarce eſcaped with what ſhe had upon her back. I obſerved ſeveral gentlemen, who brought their ſideboards of plate, to be melted down, as it were, into current ſpecie: many had their pockets diſburthened of their watches; and ſome, even among the military gentlemen, were obliged to deliver up their ſwords. Others of the company marched up, heavy laden with pictures, houſhold goods, and domeſtic utenſils: one carried a ſpit; another brandiſhed a gridiron; a third flouriſhed a frying-pan; while a fourth brought to my remembrance the old ſign of the Dog's Head in the Porridge-pot. I ſaw ſeveral trot up merrily with their chairs, tables, and other furniture: but I could not help pitying one poor creature among the reſt, who after having ſtript his whole houſe, even to his feather-bed, ſtalked along like a Lock-Patient, wrapt up in the blankets, while his wife accompanied him doing penance in the ſheets.

As I was naturally curious to ſee the inſide of the receptacle, where all theſe various ſpoils were depoſited, I ſtept up to the hatch; and meeting a grave old gentleman at the threſhold, I deſired him to inform me what place it was,

and what buſineſs was tranſacted there. He very courteouſly took me by the hand, and leading me through a dark paſſage, brought me into a ſpacious hall, which he told me was the Temple of Uſury, and that he himſelf was the chief prieſt of it. One part of this building was hung round with all kinds of apparel, like the ſale-ſhops in *Monmouth-Street*; another was ſtrewed with a variety of goods, and reſembled the brokers ſhops in *Harp Alley*; and another part was furniſhed with ſuch an immenſe quantity of jewels and rich plate, that I ſhould rather have fancied myſelf in the Church of the Lady of *Loretto*. All theſe, my guide informed me, were the offerings of that croud, which I had ſeen reſorting to this Temple. The Churches in Roman-Catholic countries have commonly a croſs fixed upon them; the *Chineſe* erect dragons and hang bells about their Pagods; and the *Turkiſh* Moſques are diſtinguiſhed by Creſcents; but I could not help taking particular notice, that this Temple of Uſury had it's veſtibule adorned with three wooden balls painted blue; the myſtery of which, I was told, was as dark and unfathomable as the *Pythagorean* number, or the ſecret doctrines of *Triſmegiſt*.

WHEN

WHEN I had in ſome meaſure ſatisfied my curioſity, in taking a general ſurvey of the Temple, my inſtructor led me to an interior corner of it, where the moſt ſplendid offerings were ſpread upon a large altar. This bauble, ſaid he, ſhewing me an elegant ſprig of diamonds, is an aigret, ſent in laſt week by a lady of quality, who has ever ſince kept home, with her head muffled up in a double clout, for a pretended fit of the tooth-ache. She has, at different times, made an offering of all her jewels: and, beſides theſe, her whole wardrobe was very lately lodged here, which threw her into an hyſteric fever, and confined her to her bed-gown for upwards of a month. Thoſe ear-rings and other jewels, are the *paraphernalia* of a young bride; who was ſo conſtant a votary to this place, that, when nothing elſe remained for an offering, ſhe even brought in her wedding-ring. You may be ſurpriſed, perhaps, to behold ſuch a variety of necklaces, girdle-buckles, ſolitaires, and other female ornaments, as are here collected: but it is obſervable, that their devotions in the Temple of Uſury have been chiefly encouraged and kept alive, by their aſſiſting at the midnight orgies of Avarice.

NOR are the gentlemen, continued he, leſs encouragers of our rites. That gold watch laid ſnug, for a conſiderable time, in the fob of a young man of quality; but it was one night jerked out by a ſingle throw of the dice at a gaming-table, and made it's way into the pocket of a ſtranger, who placed it here to keep company with ſeveral others, brought hither on a ſimilar occaſion. Thoſe brilliant buckles once glittered on the ſhoes of a very pretty fellow, who ſet out laſt winter on his travels into foreign parts, but never got further than *Boulogne*: and that ſword, with the rich fillagree hilt and elegantly-fancied ſword-knot with gold taſſels, once dangled at the ſide of a ſpirited Buck; who left it here two years ago, when he went off in a great hurry, to take poſſeſſion of a large eſtate in his native country, *Ireland*, whence he is not yet returned. You may ſee many others of theſe inſtruments of death, which ruſt peacefully in their ſcabbards, as being of no uſe whatever to their owners: that which commonly hangs upon the vacant peg there, belongs, you muſt know, to a noble captain: it is called upon duty once a month, and is at this inſtant mounting guard at St. *James*'s.

NOT

NOT far from theſe rich ornaments hung ſeveral embroidered coats, laced waiſtcoats, *Point d'Eſpagne* hats, &c. This ſuit, ſaid my venerable inſtructor, pointing to one richly embroidered, was made up for a noble lord on the laſt Birth-day, and conveyed hither the very next morning after it had appeared at court. That jemmy waiſtcoat with the gold worked button-holes, on the next peg, was the property of a ſmart templar, who, having ſpent a night out of his chambers, ſent his waiſtcoat hither in the morning, as a penitential offering, by his landlady. As to that heap of camblet gowns, checked aprons, and coloured handkerchiefs, which you ſee ſtrung together a little further off, they are oblations made here by a ſect of maudlin votaries, who reſort to this Temple, to pay their devotions to a Goddeſs, whom they have chriſtened Madam *Gin*, but whom they ſometimes honour with the more proper appellation of *Strip me Naked.*

WHILE my conductor was thus relating the hiſtory of the various offerings, and the perſons who had made them, he was ſuddenly called aſide to a dark cloſet; ſeveral of which were erected near the entrance, and appeared not unlike the confeſſionals of the *Romiſh* prieſts.

Theſe little boxes, I found, were appointed to receive the votaries, who came to pay their devotions, and make their offerings: but the neceſſary rites and ceremonies were commonly ſolemnized with as much caution and privacy, as the myſteries of the *Bona Dea* among the *Romans*. At preſent, however, there was a greater noiſe and hubbub than uſual. A perſon of the firſt rank in the kingdom, who had made ſome very conſiderable oblations of gold and ſilver plate, was now about to celebrate a feaſt in honour of *Bacchus*, in which, as theſe rich utenſils would be requiſite, he prayed to have the uſe of them. The chief prieſt, after having received the cuſtomary fee, granted a diſpenſation for this purpoſe, and loaded the meſſengers with a number of wrought ewers, vaſes, and chargers; at the ſame time commiſſioning two or three of the inferior officials of the Temple to attend the celebration of the feaſt, and to take care that the plate was duly returned, and ſafely lodged again in the Temple.

THESE matters were ſcarce adjuſted, before an unexpected incident filled the whole Temple with confuſion and diſturbance. A rude tribe of officers broke in upon us, put a ſtop to the rites, and ſeized the chief prieſt himſelf, charging him

him with having profaned the place by a crime almoſt as infamous as ſacrilege. He was accuſed of having encouraged robbers to ſtrip the citizens of their moſt valuable effects, and for a ſmall reward to depoſit them as offerings. The clamour on this occaſion was very great; and at laſt one of the officers, methought, ſeized me, as a party concerned; when endeavouring to clear myſelf, and ſtruggling to get out of his clutches, I awoke.

W

NUMB. CXVIII. *Thurſday, April* 29, 1756.

Hæc Stultitia parit civitates, hâc conſtant imperia, magiſtratus, religio, conſilia, judicia, nec aliud omninò eſt vita humana, quam Stultitiæ luſus quidam. ERASM.

Nonſenſe o'er empires, and o'er ſtates preſides,
Our judgment, counſels, laws, religion, guides;
All arts and ſciences deſpotic rules;
And Life itſelf's a Drama, play'd by Fools.

THERE is no race of people, that has been more conſpicuous, in almoſt every relation of life, than the illuſtrious family of NONSENSE. In every age of the world they

have ſhone forth with uncommon luſtre, and have made a wonderful progreſs in all the Arts and Sciences. They have at different ſeaſons delivered ſpeeches from the throne, harangued at the bar, debated in parliament, and gone amazing lengths in philoſophical inquiries and metaphyſical diſquiſitions. In a word, the whole hiſtory of the world, moral and political, is but a *Cyclopædia of* NONSENSE. For which reaſon, conſidering the dignity and importance of the family, and the infinite ſervice it has been of to me and many of my cotemporaries, I have reſolved to oblige the public with a kind of abſtract of the Hiſtory of NONSENSE.

NONSENSE was the daughter of IGNORANCE, begot on FALSEHOOD, many ages ago, in a dark cavern in BOEOTIA. As ſhe grew up, ſhe inherited all the qualities of her parents: ſhe diſcovered too warm a genius to require being ſent to ſchool; but while other dull brats were poring over an horn-book, ſhe amuſed herſelf with ſpreading fantaſtical lies, taught her by her mamma, and which have in later ages been familiarly known to us under the names of *Sham*, *Banter*, and *Humbug*. When ſhe grew up, ſhe received the addreſſes, and ſoon became the wife of IMPUDENCE. Who he was, or of what profeſſion, is uncertain: ſome

ſome ſay he was the ſon of IGNORANCE by another *venter*, and was ſuffered to become the huſband of NONSENSE in thoſe dark ages of the world, as the *Ptolemies* of *Egypt* married their own ſiſters. Some record, that he was in the army; others, that he was an interpreter of the laws; and others, a divine. However this was, NONSENSE and IMPUDENCE were ſoon inſeparably united to each other, and became the founders of a more noble and numerous family, than any yet preſerved on any tree of deſcent whatſoever; of which ingenious device they were ſaid to have been the firſt inventors.

IT is my chief intent at preſent to record the great exploits of that branch of the family, who have made themſelves remarkable in *England*; though they began to ſignalize themſelves very early, and are ſtill very flouriſhing in moſt parts of the world. Many of them were *Ægyptian* Prieſts four thouſand years ago, and told the people, that it was religion to worſhip dogs, monkeys, and green leeks: and their deſcendants prevailed on the *Greeks* and *Romans* to build temples in honour of ſuppoſed deities, who were, in their own eſtimation of them, whores and whore-mongers, pick-pockets and drunkards. Others roſe up ſome ages after in

Turkey, and perſuaded the people to embrace the doctrine of bloodſhed and of the ſword, *in the name of the moſt merciful God:* and others have manifeſted their lineal deſcent from NONSENSE and IMPUDENCE, by affirming that there is no God at all. There were alſo among them many ſhrewd philoſophers; ſome of whom, though they were racked with a fit of the ſtone, or laid up with a gouty toe, declared that they felt not the leaſt degree of pain; and others would not truſt their own eyes, but when they ſaw an horſe or a dog, could not tell whether it was not a chair or a table, and even made a doubt of their own exiſtence.

WE have no certain account of the progreſs of NONSENSE here in *England*, till after the Reformation. All we hear of her and her progeny before that period of time is, that they led a lazy life among the monks in cloyſters and covents, dreaming over old legends of ſaints, drawing up breviaries and maſs-books, and ſtringing together ſome barbarous *Latin* verſes in rhyme. In the days of Queen *Elizabeth*, ſo little encouragement was given to her family, that it ſeemed to have been almoſt extinct: but in the ſucceeding reign, it flouriſhed again, and filled the moſt conſiderable offices in the nation.

NONSENSE

NONSENSE became a great favourite at court where ſhe was highly careſſed on account of her wit, which conſiſted in puns and quibbles; and the bonny monarch himſelf was thought to take a more than ordinary delight in her converſation. At this time, many of her progeny took orders, and got themſelves preferred to the beſt livings, by turning the Evangeliſts into punſters, and making St. *Paul* quibble from the pulpit. Among the reſt, there was a biſhop, a favourite ſon of NONSENSE, of whom it is particularly recorded, that he uſed to tickle his courtly audience, by telling them that *matrimony* was become a *matter of money*, with many other right reverend jeſts recorded in *Joe Miller*. Several brothers of this family were likewiſe bred to the bar, and very gravely harrangued againſt old women ſucked by devils in the ſhape of ram-cats, &c. As an inſtance of the profound wiſdom and ſagacity of the legiſlature in thoſe days I need only mention that juſt and truly pious act of parliament made againſt the crying ſin of witchcraft. 1 *Jac.* I. chap. 12. *Such as ſhall uſe invocation or conjuration of any evil ſpirit, or ſhall conſult, covenant with, entertain, employ, fee or reward any evil ſpirit to any intent, or take up any dead perſon, or part thereof, to be uſed in witchcraft, or have uſed any of the ſaid arts, whereby any perſon ſhall be killed,*

killed, conſumed, or lamed in his or her body, they, together with their acceſſories before the fact, ſhall ſuffer as felons, without benefit of clergy.

In the troubleſome times of King *Charles* the firſt, Nonsense and her family ſided with the Parliament. Theſe ſet up new ſects in religion: ſome of them cropt their hair ſhort, and called themſelves the *enlightened*; ſome fell into trances, and pretended to ſee holy viſions; while others got into tubs, and held forth, with many whinings, and groans, and ſnuffling through the noſe. In the merry days of King *Charles* the ſecond, Nonsense aſſumed a more gay and libertine air; and her progeny, from fanatics, became downright infidels. Several courtiers of the family wrote lewd plays, as well as luſcious love-ſongs, and other looſe verſes, which were collected together and greedily bought up in miſcellanies. In the ſucceeding reign, ſome of the kindred, who had received their education at St. *Omers*, thought themſelves on the point of eſtabliſhing Nonsense in church and ſtate, and were preparing to make bonfires on the occaſion in *Smithfield*, when they were obliged to leave the kingdom.

Since

SINCE the Revolution, the field of Politics has afforded large ſcope for NONSENSE and her family to make themſelves remarkable. Hence aroſe the various ſects in party, diſtinguiſhed by the names of *Whig* and *Tory*, *Miniſterial* and *Jacobite*, *Sunderlandians*, *Oxfordians*, *Godolphinians*, *Bolingbrokians*, *Walpolians*, *Pelhamians*, &c. &c. &c. names, which have kindled as hot a war in pamphlets aud journals, as the *Guelphs* and *Gibilines* in *Italy*, or the *Big* and *Little Endians* in the kingdom of *Lilliput*.

I HAVE here endeavoured to give a ſhort abridgement of the Hiſtory of NONSENSE; though a very ſmall part of the exploits of the family can be included in ſo compendious a chronicle. Some of them were very deep ſcholars, and filled the Profeſſors Chairs at the Univerſities. They compoſed many elaborate diſſertations, to convince the world, that two and two make four; and diſcovered, by dint of ſyllogiſm, that white is not black. Their inquiries in Natural Philoſophy were no leſs extraordinary: many ſpent their lives and their fortunes in attempting to diſcover a wonderful Stone, that ſhould turn every baſer metal into gold; and others employed themſelves in making artificial wings, by the help of which they ſhould fly up into the

the world of the moon. Another branch of the family took to the *Belles Lettres*, and were the original founders of the learned ſociety of *Grub-Street*.

NEVER was any æra in the annals of NONSENSE more illuſtrious than the preſent; nor did that noble family ever more ſignally diſtinguiſh itſelf in every occupation. In Oratory, who are greater proficients than the progeny of NONSENSE? Witneſs many long and eloquent ſpeeches delivered in St. *Stephen*'s *Chapel*, in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, at Aſſizes and Quarter-Seſſions, at *Clare-Market*, and the *Robin-Hood*.—In Philoſophy, what marvellous things have not been proved by NONSENSE? The ſometime Profeſſor of Aſtronomy at *Greſham* College ſhewed Sir *Iſaac Newton* to be a mere aſs, and wire-drawed the book of *Moſes* into a complete ſyſtem of Natural Philoſophy: Life-guard-men have, with the utmoſt certainty of NONSENSE, foretold Earthquakes; and others have penned curious Eſſays on Air-quakes, Water-quakes, and Comets.—In Politics, how ſucceſsfully have the ſons of NONSENSE bandied about the terms of Court and Country? How wiſely have they debated upon taxes? And with what amazing penetration did they but lately

lately foreſee an Invaſion?—In Religion, their domain is particularly extenſive: for, though NONSENSE is excluded, at leaſt from the firſt part of the ſervice, in all regular churches, yet ſhe often occupies the whole ceremony at the Tabernacle and Foundery in *Moorfields*, and the Chapel in *Long-Acre*. But for the credit of ſo polite an age, be it known, that the children of NONSENSE, who are many of them people of faſhion, are as often ſeen at the Play-houſe as at Church: and it is ſomething ſtrange, that the family of NONSENSE is now divided againſt itſelf, and in high conteſt about the management of their favourite amuſement—the OPERA.

T

NUMB. CXIX. *Thurſday, May* 6, 1756.

Plenus rimarum ſum, huc et illuc perfluo.

TER.

Leaky at bottom; if thoſe chinks you ſtop,
In vain;—the Secret will run o'er at top.

THERE is no mark of our confidence taken more kindly by a friend, than the intruſting him with a Secret; nor any which he is ſo likely to abuſe. Confidants in general are

are like crazy fire-locks, which are no ſooner charged and cocked, than the ſpring gives way, and the report immediately follows. Happy to have been thought worthy the confidence of one friend, they are impatient to manifeſt their importance to another: 'till between them and their friend, and their friend's friend, the whole matter is preſently known to *all our friends round the Wrekin*. The ſecret catches as it were by contact, and like electrical matter breaks forth from every link in the chain, almoſt at the ſame inſtant. Thus the whole Exchange may be thrown into a buz to-morrow, by what was whiſpered in the middle of *Marlborough Downs* this morning; and in a week's time the ſtreets may ring with the intrigue of a woman of faſhion, bellowed out from the foul mouths of the hawkers, though at preſent it is known to no creature living, but her gallant and her waiting-maid.

As the talent of Secreſy is of ſo great importance to ſociety, and the neceſſary commerce between individuals cannot be ſecurely carried on without it, that this deplorable weakneſs ſhould be ſo general is much to be lamented. You may as well pour water into a funnel, or a ſieve, and expect it to be retained there, as

commit

commit any of your concerns to ſo ſlippery a companion. It is remarkable, that in thoſe men who have thus loſt the faculty of retention, the deſire of being communicative is always moſt prevalent, where it is leaſt to be juſtified. If they are entruſted with a matter of no great moment, affairs of more conſequence will perhaps in a few hours ſhuffle it intirely out of their thoughts: but if any thing be delivered to them with an air of earneſtneſs, a low voice, and the geſture of a man in terror for the conſequence of it's being known; if the door is bolted, and every precaution taken to prevent a ſurpriſe; however they may promiſe ſecreſy, and however they may intend it, the weight upon their minds will be ſo extremely oppreſſive, that it will certainly put their tongues in motion.

THIS breach of truſt, ſo univerſal amongſt us, is perhaps in great meaſure owing to our education. The firſt leſſon our little maſters and miſſes are taught, is to become blabs and tell-tales: they are bribed to divulge the petty intrigues of the family below ſtairs to papa and mamma in the parlour, and a doll or an hobby-horſe is generally the encouragement of a propenſity, which could ſcarcely be atoned for by a whipping. As ſoon as children can liſp out

the

the little intelligence they have picked up in the hall or the kitchen, they are admired for their wit: if the butler has been caught kiſſing the houſekeeper in his pantry, or the footman detected in romping with the chambermaid, away flies little *Tommy* or *Betſey* with the news; the parents are loſt in admiration of the pretty rogue's underſtanding, and reward ſuch uncommon ingenuity with a kiſs or a ſugar-plumb.

NOR does an inclination to Secrecy meet with leſs encouragement at ſchool. The governantes at the boarding ſchool teach miſs to be a good girl, and tell them every thing ſhe knows: thus, if any young lady is unfortunately diſcovered eating a green apple in a corner, if ſhe is heard to pronounce a naughty word, or is caught picking the letters out of another miſs's ſampler, away runs the chit, who is ſo happy as to get the ſtart of the reſt, ſcreams out her information as ſhe goes; and the prudent matron chucks her under the chin, and tells her that ſhe is a good girl, and every body will love her.

THE management of our young gentlemen is equally abſurd: in moſt of our ſchools, if a lad is diſcovered in a ſcrape, the impeachment of an accomplice, as at the *Old Bailey*, is made the condition

condition of a pardon. I remember a boy, engaged in robbing an orchard, who was unfortunately taken priſoner in an apple-tree, and conducted, under the ſtrong guard of the farmer and his dairy maid, to the maſter's houſe. Upon his abſolute refuſal to diſcover his aſſociates, the pedagogue undertook to laſh him out of his fidelity, but finding it impoſſible to ſcourge the ſecret out of him, he at laſt gave him up for an obſtinate villain, and ſent him to his father, who told him he was ruined, and was going to diſinherit him for not betraying his ſchool-fellows. I muſt own I am not fond of thus drubbing our youth into treachery; and am much more pleaſed with the requeſt of *Ulyſſes*, when he went to *Troy*, who begged of thoſe who were to have the charge of *Telemachus*, that they would above all things, teach him to be juſt, ſincere, faithful, and *to keep a Secret*.

EVERY man's experience muſt have furniſhed him with inſtances of confidants who are not to be relied on, and friends who are not to be truſted; but few perhaps have thought it a character ſo well worth their attention, as to have marked out the different degrees into which it may be divided, and the different methods by which Secrets are communicated.

NED

NED TRUSTY is a tell-tale of a very ſingular kind. Having ſome ſenſe of his duty, he heſitates a little at the breach of it. If he engages never to utter a ſyllable, he moſt punctually performs his promiſe; but then he has the knack of inſinuating by a nod and a ſhrug well-timed, or a ſeaſonable leer, as much as others can convey in expreſs terms. It is difficult, in ſhort, to determine, whether he is more to be admired for his reſolution in not mentioning, or his ingenuity in diſcloſing a Secret. He is alſo excellent at a "doubtful phraſe," as *Hamlet* calls it, or an "ambiguous giving out;" and his converſation conſiſts chiefly of ſuch broken innuendoes, as

Well, I know—or, I could—an if I would—
Or, if I liſt to ſpeak—or, there be, an if there might, &c.

Here he generally ſtops; and leaves it to his hearers to draw proper inferences from theſe piece-meal premiſes. With due encouragement, however, he may be prevailed on to ſlip the padlock from his lips, and immediately overwhelms you with a torrent of ſecret hiſtory, which ruſhes forth with more violence for having been ſo long confined.

POOR MEANWELL, though he never fails to tranſgreſs, is rather to be pitied than condemned.

To

To truſt him with a Secret, is to ſpoil his appetite, to break his reſt, and to deprive him for a time of every earthly enjoyment. Like a man who travels with his whole fortune in his pocket, he is terrified if you approach him, and immediately ſuſpects, that you come with a felonious intent to rob him of his charge. If he ventures abroad, it is to walk in ſome unfrequented place, where he is leaſt in danger of an attack. At home, he ſhuts himſelf up from his family, paces to and fro in his chamber, and has no relief but from muttering over to himſelf, what he longs to publiſh to the world; and would gladly ſubmit to the office of town-cryer, for the liberty of proclaiming it in the market-place. At length, however, weary of his burthen, and reſolved to bear it no longer, he conſigns it to the cuſtody of the firſt friend he meets, and returns to his wife with a chearful aſpect, and wonderfully altered for the better.

CARELESS is perhaps equally undeſigning, though uot equally excuſable. Intruſt him with an affair of the utmoſt importance, on the concealment of which your fortune and happineſs depend: he hears you with a kind of half-attention, whiſtles a favourite air, and accompanies it with the drumming of his fingers upon

upon the table. As ſoon as your narration is ended, or perhaps in the middle of it, he aſks your opinion of his ſword-knot, damns his taylor for having dreſſed him in a ſnuff-coloured coat, inſtead of a *pompadour*, and leaves you in haſte to attend an auction; where, as if he meant to diſpoſe of his intelligence to the beſt bidder, he divulges it, with a voice as loud as the auctioneer's: and when you tax him with having played you falſe, he is heartily ſorry for it, but never knew that it was to be a Secret.

To theſe I might add the character of the open and unreſerved, who thinks it a breach of friendſhip to conceal any thing from his intimates; and the impertinent, who having by dint of obſervation made himſelf maſter of your Secret, imagines he may lawfully publiſh the knowledge it coſt him ſo much labour to obtain, and conſiders that privilege, as the reward due to his induſtry. But I ſhall leave theſe, with many other characters, which my reader's own experience may ſuggeſt to him, and conclude with preſcribing, as a ſhort remedy for this evil,—That no man may betray the council of his friend, let every man keep his own.

NUMB.

NUMB. CXX. *Thurſday, May* 13, 1756.

Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus. —— HOR.

A ſubtle fancy, and a judgment chaſte,
From the nice mixture of a genuine Taſte.

TASTE is at preſent the darling idol of the polite world, and the world of letters; and, indeed, ſeems to be conſidered as the quinteſſence of almoſt all the arts and ſciences. The fine ladies and gentlemen dreſs with Taſte; the architects, whether *Gothic* or *Chineſe*, build with Taſte; the painters paint with Taſte; the poets write with Taſte; critics read with Taſte; and, in ſhort, fidlers, players, ſingers, dancers, and mechanics themſelves, are all the ſons and daughters of Taſte. Yet in this amazing ſuperabundancy of Taſte, few can ſay what it really is, or what the word itſelf ſignifies. Should I attempt to define it in the ſtile of a *Connoiſſeur*, I muſt run over the names of all the famous poets, painters, and ſculptors, ancient and modern; and after having pompouſly harangued on the excellencies of *Apelles*, *Phidias*, *Praxiteles*, *Angelo*, *Rubens*, *Pouſſin*, and *Dominichino*, with a

word or two on all *taſteful* compoſitions, ſuch as thoſe of *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Taſſo*, *Dante*, and *Arioſto*, I ſhould leave the reader in wonder of my profound erudition, and as little informed as before. But as deep learning, though more flaming and pompous, is perhaps not always ſo uſeful as common ſenſe, I ſhall endeavour to get at the true meaning of the word Taſte, by conſidering what it uſually imports in familiar writings and ordinary converſation.

IT is ſuppoſed by *Locke*, and other cloſe reaſoners, that words are intended as ſigns of our ideas: but daily experience will convince us, that words are often uſed to expreſs no ideas at all. Thus many perſons, who talk perpetually of Taſte, throw it out as a mere expletive, without any meaning annexed to it. *Bardolph*, when demanded the meaning of the word *accommodated*, wiſely explains it by ſaying that "*accommodated*, ſir, is—a—a—a—*accommo-*" *dated*, ſir, is as if one ſhould ſay—a—*accom-*" *modated*:" and if, in like manner, you aſk one of theſe people *What is Taſte?* they will tell you that "Taſte is a kind of a ſort of a—" a—a—; in ſhort, Taſte is Taſte." Theſe talkers muſt be conſidered as abſolute blanks in converſation, ſince it is impoſſible to learn the explanation

explanation of a term from them, as they affix no determinate meaning to any expreſſion.

AMONG men of ſenſe, whoſe words carry meaning in their ſound, Taſte is commonly uſed in one of theſe two ſignifications. Firſt, when they give any perſon the appellation of a Man of Taſte, they would intimate that he has a turn for the polite arts, as well as the leſſer elegancies of life; and that from his natural bent to thoſe ſtudies, and his acquired knowledge in them, he is capable of diſtinguiſhing what is good or bad in any thing of that kind ſubmitted to his judgement. The meaning at other times implied by a Man of Taſte is, that he is not only ſo far an adept in thoſe matters as to be able to judge of them accurately, but is alſo poſſeſſed of the faculty of executing them gracefully. Theſe two ſignifications will perhaps be more eaſily conceived, and clearly illuſtrated, when applied to our Senſual Taſte. The Man of Taſte, according to the firſt, may be conſidered as a *Bon Vivant*, who is fond of the diſhes before him, and diſtinguiſhes nicely what is ſavoury and delicious, or flat and inſipid, in the ingredients of each: according to the ſecond, he may be regarded as the Cook, who from knowing what things will mix well together, and diſtinguiſhing

by a nice Taſte when he has arrived at that happy mixture, is able to compoſe ſuch exquiſite diſhes.

BOTH theſe ſignifications of the word will be found agreeable to the following definition of it, which I have ſomewhere ſeen, and is the only juſt deſcription of the term, that I ever remember to have met with: "Taſte conſiſts in "a nice harmony between the Fancy and the "Judgment." The moſt chaſtiſed Judgment, without Genius, can never conſtitute a Man of Taſte; and the moſt luxuriant Imagination, unregulated by Judgment, will only carry us into wild and extravagant deviations from it. To mix oil, vinegar, butter, milk, eggs, &c. incoherently together, would make an Olio not to be reliſhed by any palate; and the man who has no goût for delicacies himſelf, will never compoſe a good diſh, though he ſhould ever ſo ſtrictly adhere to the rules of *La Chapelle*, *Hannah Glaſſe*, and *Martha Bradley*. I confine myſelf at preſent chiefly to that ſignification of the word, which implies the capacity of exerting our own faculties in the ſeveral branches of Taſte, becauſe *that* always includes the other.

HAVING

HAVING thus ſettled what Taſte is, it may not be unentertaining to examine modern Taſte by theſe rules: and perhaps it will appear, that, on the one hand, it's moſt pleaſing flights and raviſhing elegancies are extravagant and abſurd; and that, on the other hand, thoſe who affect a correct Taſte in all their undertakings, proceed mechanically, without genius. The firſt ſpecies of Taſte, which gives a looſe to the imagination, indulges itſelf in caprice, and is perpetually ſtriking new ſtrokes, is the chief regulator of the faſhion. In dreſs, it has put hunting-poles into the hands of our gentlemen, and erected coaches and windmills on the heads of our ladies. In equipage, it has built chariots of *papier maché*, and, by putting ſpotted *Daniſh* horſes into the harneſs, has made our beaux look like *Bacchus* in his car drawn by leopards. The ornaments, both on the outſide and inſide of our houſes, are all *Gothic* or *Chineſe*; and whoever makes a pagod of his parlour, throws a plank or two with an irregular croſs-barred paling over a dirty ditch, or places battlements on a root-houſe or a ſtable, fits up his houſe and garden entirely in Taſte.

THE ſecond ſort of Men of Taſte are to be found chiefly among the *Literati*; and are thoſe,

who, deſpiſing the modern whims to which faſhion has given the name of Taſte, pretend to follow, with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs, the chaſte models of the ancients. Theſe are the Poets, who favour us with correct, epithetical, and *taſteful* compoſitions; whoſe works are without blemiſh, and conformable to the preciſe rules of *Quintilian*, *Horace*, and *Ariſtotle*: and as they are intended merely for the peruſal of perſons of the moſt refined Taſte, it is no wonder that they are above the level of common underſtandings. Theſe too are the Critics, who, in their comments upon authors, embarraſs us with repeated alluſions to the ſtudy of *Virtù*: and theſe too are the *Connoiſſeurs* in Architecture, who build ruins after *Vitruvius*, and neceſſaries according to *Palladio*. One gentleman of this caſt has built his villa upon a bleak hill, with four ſpacious porticos, open on each ſide to court the four winds; becauſe, in the ſultry regions of *Italy*, this model has been thought moſt convenient: and another has, in great meaſure, ſhut out the light from his apartments, and cut off all proſpect from his windows, by erecting an high wall before his houſe, which in *Italy* has been judged neceſſary, to ſcreen them from the ſun.

ARCHITECTURE ſeems indeed to be the main article, in which the efforts of Taſte are now diſplayed. Among thoſe who are fond of exerting their fancies in capricious innovations, I might inſtance the many pretty whims, of which an infinite variety may be ſeen within ten miles of *London*. But as a proof of the noble and judicious Taſte among us, I ſhall beg leave to deſcribe, in the ſtile of a *Connoiſſeur*, a moſt amazing curioſity, erected in a very polite quarter of this town.

IN the midſt of a noble and ſpacious area ſtands a grand Obeliſk. The Baſe forms a perfect ſquare with right angles; the Body of it is cylindrical; but the Capital is an Heptagon, and has ſeveral curious lines and figures deſcribed on each of it's ſeven planes or ſuperfices, which ſerve to terminate as many moſt magnificent and ſtriking Viſtas. This ſuperb Column, no leſs remarkable than the famous Pillar of *Trajan*, ſeems (from the ſeveral Gnomons and other Hieroglyphics ſtuck about it) to have been originally dedicated to the ſun; but is now known among the vulgar by the more common name of *The Seven Dials*.

NUMB. CXXI. *Thurſday, May* 20, 1756.

— — — — Placet impares
Formas atque animos ſub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco. HOR.

Officious Couplers wantonly engage
Virtue with vice, briſk youth with frozen age:
Behold them groan beneath the iron yoke,
Hail the dear miſchief, and enjoy the joke.

THOUGH I ſhall not as yet vouchſafe to let the reader ſo far into my ſecrets, as to inform him whether I am married or ſingle, it may not be amiſs to acquaint him, that, ſuppoſing I ſtill remain a bachelor, it has not been the fault of my friends or relations. On the contrary, as ſoon as I was what they call ſettled in the world, they were ſo aſſiduous in looking out a wife for me, that nothing was required on my part, but immediately to fall in love with the lady they had pitched upon: and could I have complied with their ſeveral choices, I ſhould have been married at the ſame time to a tall and a ſhort, a plump and a ſlender, a young and an old woman; one with a great deal of money, and another with none at all: each

each of whom was ſeparately recommended by them, as the propereſt perſon in the world for me.

I KNOW not how it happens, but it is notorious, that moſt people take a pleaſure in making matches; either thinking matrimony a ſtate of bliſs, into which they would charitably call all their friends and acquaintance; or perhaps ſtruggling in the toils, they are deſirous of drawing others into the net, that enſnared them. Many matches have been brought about between two perſons, abſolute ſtrangers to each other, through this kind mediation of friends, who are always ready to take upon them the office of an honourable go-between. Some have come together, merely from having been talked of by their acquaintance, as likely to make a match; and I have known a couple, who have met by accident at an horſe-race, or danced together at an aſſembly, that in leſs than a fortnight have been driven into matrimony in their own defence, by having been firſt paired in private converſations, and afterwards in the common news-papers.

As we cannot inſure happineſs to our friends, at the ſame time that we help them to huſbands

or wives, one would imagine, that few would care to run the hazard of beſtowing miſery, where they meant a kindneſs. I know a good-natured lady, who has officiouſly brought upon herſelf the ill-will and the curſes of many of her deareſt and moſt intimate friends on this very account. She has a ſiſter, for whom ſhe provided a moſt excellent huſband, who has ſhewn his affection for her, by ſpending her whole fortune upon his miſtreſſes: another near relation having, by her means, ſnapped up a rich widow, the bride-groom was arreſted for her debts within a week after marriage: and it coſt her a whole twelve-month to bring two doating lovers of her acquaintance together, who parted beds, before the honey-moon was expired.

But if our friends will thus condeſcend to be Match-makers from a ſpirit of benevolence, and for our own advantage only; there are others, who have taken up the profeſſion from leſs diſintereſted motives; who bring beauty and fortune to market, and traffick in all the accompliſhments, that can make the marriage ſtate happy. Theſe traders diſpoſe of all ſorts of rich heirs and heireſſes, baronets, lords, ladies of faſhion, and daughters of country 'ſquires, with as much coolneſs, as drovers ſell bullocks.

They

They keep complete regiſters of the condition and qualifications of all the marriageable perſons within the kingdom; and it is as common to apply to them for an huſband or wife, as to the regiſter-offices for a man or maid ſervant. They may, indeed, be conſidered as fathers and guardians to the greateſt part of our youth of both ſexes, ſince in marriage they may be moſt properly ſaid to give them away.

IT is ſomething comical to conſider the various perſons, to whom men of this profeſſion are uſeful. We may naturally ſuppoſe, that a young fellow, who has no eſtate, but what, like *Tinſel*'s in the *Drummer*, is merely *perſonal*, would be glad to come down handſomely, after conſummation with a woman of fortune; and a ſmart girl, who has more charms than wealth, would give round poundage on being taken for better for worſe by a rich heir. Many a tradeſman alſo wants a wife to manage his family, while he looks after the ſhop; and thinks it better to recommend himſelf by this convenient friend, than by means of the *Daily Advertiſer*. There are alſo ſeveral young people, who are indifferent as to any perſon in particular, and have no paſſion for the ſtate itſelf, yet want to be married, becauſe it will deliver them from

the reſtraint of parents. But the moſt unnatural, though very common applications of this ſort, are from the rich and the noble; who, having immenſe eſtates to beſtow on their children, will make uſe of the meaneſt inſtruments, to couple them to others of the ſame overgrown fortune.

I HAVE known many droll accidents happen from the miſtakes of theſe mercenary Match-makers, and remember one in particular, which I ſhall here ſet down for the entertainment of my readers. A careful old gentleman came up from the North on purpoſe to marry his ſon, and was recommended by one of theſe Couplers to a twenty thouſand pounder. He accordingly put on his beſt wig, beſt beaver, and gold-buttoned coat, and went to pay his reſpects to the lady's mamma. He told her, that he had not the pleaſure of being known to her; but as his ſon's quiet depended on it, he had taken the liberty of waiting on her: in ſhort, he immediately broke the matter to her, and informed her, that his boy had ſeen her daughter at church, and was violently in love with her; concluding, that he would do very handſomely for the lad, and would make it worth her while to have him. The old lady thanked him for the honour he intended her family; but ſhe ſuppoſed,

ſuppoſed, to be ſure, as he appeared to be a prudent and ſenſible gentleman, he would expect a fortune anſwerable. "Say nothing of that, "madam, ſay nothing of that," interrupted the Don: "I have heard — but if it was leſs, it "ſhould not break any ſquares between us."— "Pray, ſir, how much does the World ſay?" replied the lady. — "Why, madam, I ſuppoſe "ſhe has not leſs than twenty thouſand pounds." —"*Not ſo much, ſir.*" ſaid the old lady, very gravely. — "Well, madam, I ſuppoſe then it "may be nineteen, or — or — only eighteen "thouſand pounds."—"*Not ſo much, ſir,*"— "Well, well, perhaps not: but—if it was only "ſeventeen thouſand." — "No, ſir." — "Or "ſixteen."—"No." — "Or (we muſt make "allowances) perhaps but fifteen thouſand."— "*Not ſo much, ſir.*"—Here enſued a profound ſilence for near a minute; when the old gentleman, rubbing his forehead, "Well, madam, "we muſt come to ſome concluſion. Pray, "is it leſs than fourteen thouſand? How much "more is it than twelve thouſand?" — "Leſs, "ſir,"—"Leſs, madam?"—"Leſs."—But is "it more than ten thouſand? — "*Not ſo much,* "*ſir,* — "Not ſo much, madam?" — "*Not* "*ſo much.*" — "Why, if it is lodged in the "funds, conſider, madam, intereſt is low, very "low:

" low: but as the boy loves her, trifles ſhall not " part us. Has ſhe got eight thouſand pounds?" —" *Not ſo much, ſir.*"—" Why then, madam, " perhaps the young lady's fortune may not " be above ſix—or five thouſand pounds."— " NOTHING LIKE IT, SIR." —At theſe words the old gentleman ſtarted from his chair, and running out of the room—" Your ſervant, your " ſervant: my ſon is a fool; and the fellow, " who recommended me to you, is a blockhead, " and knows nothing of buſineſs."

NUMB. CXXII. *Thurſday, May* 27, 1756.

— — — Monſtrum nullâ virtute redemptum
A vitiis. — — — — — JUV.

Without one ſneaking virtue in thy train,
O precious Villain! ſcoundrel! rogue in grain!

I MENTIONED in a former paper, that a friend of mine was writing *A New Treatiſe on Ethics*, or, *A Syſtem of Immoral Philoſophy*, compiled from the principles and practice of the preſent age; in which the extraordinary modeſty of the Moderns would be enlarged on, which has induced them to comprehend all the vices, inſtead of virtues, in their idea of a Fine Gentleman.

Gentleman. The work is now finiſhed; and the author has ſent me the following letter concerning the Dedication, with leave to ſubmit it to the public.

DEAR TOWN,

THE flatneſs and fulſome inſipidity of Dedications has often been the ſubject of our converſation; and we have always agreed, that Authors have miſcarried in theſe pieces of flattery, by injudiciouſly affronting, when they meant to compliment, their patrons. The humble Dedicator loads his Great Man with virtues totally foreign to his nature and diſpoſition, which ſit as aukwardly upon him, as lace or embroidery on a chimney-ſweeper; and ſo overwhelms him with the huge maſs of learning with which he graciouſly dubs him a ſcholar, that he makes as ridiculous a figure, as the Aſs in the *Dunciad*. After having thus bepraiſed his patron, 'till the new *Mæcenas* is heartily aſhamed of himſelf, he wonders, that no notice is taken of ſo pompous an eulogium, and that a Dedication ſhould be as mere a drug as a ſermon.

LORY, in the *Relapſe*, adviſes *Faſhion* to get into the good graces of Lord *Foppington*, by falling

falling in love with his coat, being in raptures with his peruke, ſeeming raviſhed with the genteel dangle of his ſword-knot; and, in ſhort, to recommend himſelf to his noble elder brother, by affecting to be captivated with his favourites. In like manner, the Author, who would make his Dedication really valuable, ſhould not talk to his patron of his honour, and virtue, and integrity, and a pack of unfaſhionable qualities, which only ſerve to diſgrace a Fine Gentleman; but boldly paint him what he really is, and at the ſame time convince him of his merit in being a fool, and his glory in being a ſcoundrel. This mode of Dedication, though proper at all times, will appear with a particular good grace before *A Syſtem of Immoral Philoſophy*: wherefore, as my book is now finiſhed, I have here ſent you a rough draught of the Epiſtle Dedicatory, and ſhall be glad to hear your opinion of it.

May it pleaſe your Grace! or, *My Lord!* or, *Sir!*

You are in every point ſo complete a Fine Gentleman, that the following Treatiſe is but a faint tranſcript of your accompliſhments. There is not one qualification, requiſite in the character of a man of ſpirit, which you do not poſſeſs. Give me leave therefore, on the preſent occaſion, to point forth your ineſtimable qualities to the world,

world, and hold up to the public view ſo glorious an example.

You diſtinguiſhed yourſelf ſo early in life, and exalted yourſelf ſo far above the common pitch of vulgar Bucks, that you was diſtinguiſhed, before the age of twenty, with the noble appellation of STAG: and when I conſider the many gallant exploits you have performed, the number of raſcally poltrons you have ſent out of the world, the number of pretty little foundlings you have brought into it, how many girls you have debauched, how many women of quality you have intrigued with, and how many hogſheads of *French* wine have run through your body, I cannot help contemplating you as a STAG of the firſt head.

WHAT great reaſon have you to value yourſelf on your noble atchievements at *Arthur's!* The ſums you formerly loſt, and thoſe you have lately won, are amazing inſtances of your ſpirit and addreſs; firſt, in venturing ſo deeply, before you was let into the ſecret; and then, in managing it with ſo much adroitneſs and dexterity, ſince you have been acquainted with it. Nobody cogs the dice, or packs the cards, half ſo ſkilfully: you hedge a bet with uncommon nicety,

nicety, and are a moſt incomparably ſhrewd judge of the odds.

Nor have your exploits on the Turf rendered you leſs famous. Let the annals of *Pond* and *Heber* deliver down to poſterity the glorious account of what plates you have won, what matches you made, and how often the Knowing Ones have been taken in; when, for private reaſons you have found it neceſſary, that your horſe ſhould run on the wrong ſide of the poſt, or be diſtanced after winning the firſt heat. I need not mention your own ſkill in Horſemanſhip, and in how many matches you have condeſcended to ride yourſelf; for in this particular, it muſt be acknowledged, you cannot be outdone, even by your groom or jockey.

All the world will witneſs the many inſtances of your Courage, which has been often tried and exerted in *Hyde-Park*, and behind *Montague-Houſe*: nay, you have ſometimes been known to draw your ſword moſt heroically at the opera, the play, and even at private routes and aſſemblies. How often have you put to flight a whole army of watchmen, conſtables, and beadles, with the juſtices at their head! You have cleared a whole baudy-houſe before you, and

and taken many a tavern by ſtorm: you have pinned a waiter to the ground; and have, beſides, proved yourſelf an excellent markſman, by ſhooting a poſt-boy flying. With ſo much valour and firmneſs, it is not to be doubted, but that you would behave with the ſame intrepidity, if occaſion called, upon *Hounſlow-Heath*, or in *Maidenhead-Thicket*: and, if it were neceſſary, you would as boldly reſign yourſelf up to the hands of *Jack Ketch*, and ſwing as genteelly, as *Maclean* or Gentleman *Harry*. The ſame noble ſpirit would likewiſe enable you to aim the piſtol at your own head, and go out of the world like a man of honour and a gentleman.

BUT your Courage has not rendered you inſuſceptible of the ſofter paſſions, to which your heart has been ever inclined. To ſay nothing of your gallantries with women of faſhion, your intrigues with milliners and mantua-makers, or your ſeducing raw country girls and innocent tradeſmens daughters, you have formerly been ſo conſtant in your devoirs to Mrs. *Douglaſs*, and the whole ſiſterhood, that you ſacrificed your health and conſtitution in their ſervice. But above all, witneſs that ſweet delicate creature, whom you have now in keeping, and for whom you entertain ſuch a ſtrong and faithful paſſion, that,

that, for her ſake, you have tenderly and affectionately deſerted your wife and family.

THOUGH, from your elegant taſte for pleaſures, you appear made for the gay world; yet theſe polite amuſements have not called off your attention from the more ſerious ſtudies of Politics and Religion. In Politics you have made ſuch a wonderful proficiency, both in theory and practice, that you have diſcovered the good of your country to be a mere joke, and confirmed your own intereſt, as well as eſtabliſhed your conſequence, in the proper place, by ſecuring half a dozen boroughs. As to Religion, you ſoon unravelled every myſtery of that; and not only know the Bible to be as romantic as the Alcoran, but have alſo written ſeveral volumes, to make your diſcoveries plain to meaner capacities. The ridiculous prejudices of a fooliſh world unhappily prevent your publiſhing them at preſent: but you have wiſely provided, that they ſhall one day ſee the light; when, I doubt not, they will be deemed invaluable, and be as univerſally admired, as the poſthumous works of Lord *Bolingbroke*.

I am,

May it pleaſe your Grace! *or*, My Lord! *or*, Sir!
in humble admiration of your excellencies,

O &c. &c. &c.

NUMB. CXXIII. *Thurſday, June* 3, 1756.

Quo patre ſit natus, num ignotâ matre inhoneſtus?
HOR.

Say, who can claim the Foundling for their Son?
My Lord and Molly? *or, Her Grace and* John.

THE notices in the public papers, that the Foundling Hoſpital will be open for the reception of infants in general under a certain age, have, I find, given univerſal ſatisfaction. The conſequences of a big belly do not appear ſo dreadful as heretofore; and it was but yeſterday, that a young fellow of intrigue told me, he was happy that his children would no longer be thrown out of the Hoſpital, as he himſelf had been out of *Arthur*'s, by black balls. For my part, though I have no lady in keeping, no child by my houſe-keeper, nor any other affair of gallantry on my hands, which makes me wiſh to ſwell the number of infants maintained by that charity, I muſt own myſelf to be exceedingly rejoiced at the extenſion of ſo benevolent a deſign. I look upon it as the certain preſervation of many hundreds in embryo: nor ſhall we now hear of ſo many helpleſs babes birth-

birth-ſtrangled in a neceſſary, or ſmothered by the "ditch-delivered drab." As a baſtard is accounted in law, *quaſi nullius filius*, the child of nobody, and related to nobody, and yet is bleſſed with as fair proportions, and capable of an equal degree of perfection with "honeſt "madam's iſſue," it is ſurely an act of great humanity thus to reſcue them from untimely deaths and other miſeries, which *they* do not merit, whatever may be the guilt of their parents.

THOUGH it is obvious, that this Hoſpital will be made the receptacle of many legitimate children; it is no leſs certain, that the rich, as well as the poor, will often ſend their baſe-born bantlings to this general nurſery. The wealthy man of quality, or ſubſtantial cit, may have their private family-reaſons for not owning the fruits of their ſecret amours, and be glad to put the little living witneſs of their intrigues out of the way. For this reaſon, an hiſtory of the Foundlings received there would be very curious and entertaining, as it would contain many anecdotes, not to be learned from any Pariſh-Regiſter. The reflections that paſſed in my mind on this ſubject, gave occaſion the other evening to the following Dream.

METHOUGHT

METHOUGHT, as I was ſtanding at the private door of the Hoſpital, where a croud of females (each of them with a child in her arms) were preſſing to get in, an elderly gentleman, whom from his white ſtaff I took to be a governor of the charity, very courteouſly invited me to come in. I accepted his offer; and having ſeated myſelf near him, "Mr. TOWN, ſays he, "I am conſcious, that you look upon moſt of "theſe little infants as the offſprings of ſo "many unmarried fathers and maiden mothers, "which have been clandeſtinely ſmuggled into "the world. Know then, that I am one of "thoſe guardian Genii, appointed to ſuper-"intend the fortunes of Baſtards: therefore, "as this Hoſpital is more immediately under "my tuition, I have put on this diſguiſe; and, "if you pleaſe, will let you into the ſecret "hiſtory of thoſe babes who are my wards, "and their parents."

I ASSURED him, his intelligence would be highly agreeable; and ſeveral now coming up to offer their children, he reſumed his diſcourſe. "Obſerve, ſaid he, that jolly little rogue, with "plump cheeks, a florid complexion, blue eyes, "and ſandy locks. We have here already "ſeveral of his brethern by the mother's ſide;

"ſome

" ſome fair, ſome brown, and ſome black: and
" yet they are all ſuppoſed to have come by
" the ſame father. The mother has for many
" years been houſekeeper to a gentleman, who
" cannot ſee, that her children bear the marks
" of his own ſervants, and that this very brat is
" the exact reſemblance of his coachman.

" THAT puling whining infant there, with
" a pale face, emaciated body, and diſtorted
" limbs, is the forced product of viper-broth
" and cantharides. It is the offspring of a
" worn-out buck of quality, who, at the ſame
" time he debauched the mother, ruined her
" conſtitution by a filthy diſeaſe; in conſequence
" of which, ſhe, with much difficulty, brought
" forth this juſt image of himſelf in miniature.

" THE next that offers, is the iſſue of a
" careful cit; who, as he keeps an horſe for
" his own riding on Sundays, which he lets out
" all the reſt of the week, keep alſo a miſtreſs
" for his recreation on the ſeventh day, who
" lets herſelf out on the other ſix. That other
" babe owes his birth likewiſe to the city;
" but is the joint product, as we may ſay, of
" two fathers; who being great œconomiſts in
" their pleaſures, as well as in their buſineſs,

" have

" have ſet up a whore and an one-horſe chaiſe " in partnerſhip together.

" THAT pert young baggage there, who ſo " boldly preſſes forward with her brat, is not " the mother of it, but is maid to a ſingle " lady of the ſtricteſt honour and unblemiſhed " reputation. About a twelvemonth ago, her " miſtreſs went to *Bath* for the benefit of her " health: and ten months after, ſhe travelled into " North *Wales* to ſee a relation; from whence " ſhe is juſt returned. We may ſuppoſe, that " ſhe took a fancy to that pretty babe, while " in the country, and brought it up to town " with her, in order to place it here: as ſhe " did a few years ago to another charming " boy; which, being too old to be got into " this Hoſpital, is now at a ſchool in *Yorkſhire*, " where young gentlemen are boarded, cloathed, " and educated, and found in all neceſſaries, for " ten pounds a year.

" THAT chubby little boy, which you ſee " in the arms of yonder ſtrapping wench in a " cambiet gown and red cloak, is her own ſon. " She is by profeſſion a bed-maker in one of " the univerſities, and of the ſame college, in

" which the father (a grave tutor) holds a " fellowſhip, under the uſual condition of not " marrying. Many ſober gentlemen of the " cloth, who are in the ſame ſcrape, are glad " to take the benefit of this charity: and if all " of the ſame reverend order, like the prieſts " abroad, were laid under the ſame reſtric- " tions, you might expect to ſee a particular " Hoſpital, erected for the reception of the Sons " of the Clergy.

" THAT next child belongs to a ſea-captain's " lady, whoſe huſband is expected to return " every moment from a long voyage; the fears " of which have happily haſtened the birth of " this infant a full month before it's time. " That other is the poſthumous child of a " wealthy old gentleman, who married a young " girl for love, and died in the honey-moon. " This his ſon and heir was not born 'till near " a twelvemonth after his deceaſe, becauſe it's " birth was retarded by the exceſſive grief of " his widow; who on that account rather choſe " to lie-in privately, and to lodge their only " child here, than to have it's legitimacy, and " her own honour, called in queſtion by her " huſband's relations."

MY

MY companion pointed out to me ſeveral others, whoſe original was no leſs extraordinary; among which, I remember, he told me, one was the unhallowed brood of a Methodiſt Teacher, and another the premature ſpawn of a Maid of Honour. A poor author eaſed himſelf of a very heavy load of two twin-daughters, which in an evil hour he begot on an hawker of pamphlets, after he had been writing a luſcious novel: but I could not help ſmiling at the marks ſent in with theſe new Muſes, ſignifying that one had been chriſtened *Terpſichore*, and the other *Polyhymnia*. Several bantlings were imported from *Iſlington*, *Hoxton*, and other villages within the ſound of *Bow* Bell: many were tranſplanted hither out of the country; and a whole litter of brats were ſent in from two or threee pariſhes in particular, for which it is doubtful whether they were moſt indebted to the parſon or the 'ſquire.

A MODEST-LOOKING woman now brought a very fine babe to be admitted; but the governors rejected it, as it appeared to be above two months old. The mother, on the contrary, perſiſted in affirming, that it was but juſt born; and, addreſſing herſelf to me, deſired me to look

at it. I accordingly took it in my arms; and while I was toſſing it up and down, and praiſing it's beauty, the ſly huſſy contrived to ſlip away, leaving the precious charge to my care. The efforts which I made to bawl after her, and the ſqualling of the brat, which rung piteouſly in my ears, luckily awaked me: and I was very happy to find, that I had only been dandling my pillow, inſtead of a bantling.

W

NUMB. CXXIV. *Thurſday, June* 10, 1756.

Accipe, per longos tibi qui deſerviat annos:
Accipe, qui purâ nôrit amare fide.
Eſt nulli ceſſura fides; ſine crimine mores;
Nudaque ſimplicitas, purpureuſque pudor.
Non mihi mille placent; non ſum deſultor amoris;
Tu mihi (ſi qua fides) cura perennis eris.

OVID.

Scorn me not, Chloe; *me, whoſe faith well try'd*
Long years approve, and honeſt paſſions guide:
My ſpotleſs ſoul no foul affections move,
But chaſte ſimplicity, and modeſt love:
Nor I, like ſhallow fops, from fair to fair
Roving at random, faithleſs paſſion ſwear,
But thou alone ſhalt be my conſtant care.

ALMOST every man is or has been, or at leaſt thinks that he is or has been, a Lover. One has fought for his miſtreſs, another drank for her, another wrote for her, and another has done all three: and yet, perhaps, in ſpite of their duels, poetry, and bumpers, not one of them ever entertained a ſincere paſſion. I have lately taken a ſurvey of the numerous tribe of

Enamoratos, and after having obſerved the various ſhapes they wear, think I may ſafely pronounce, that, though all profeſs to have been in Love, there are very few who are really capable of it.

IT is a maxim ef *Rochefoucault*'s, that "many "men would never have been in Love, if they "had never heard of Love." The juſtice of this remark is equal to it's ſhrewdneſs. The ridiculous prate of a family has frequently great influence on young minds, who learn to love, as they do every thing elſe, by imitation. Young creatures, almoſt mere Children, have been conſumed with this ſecond-hand flame lighted up at another's paſſion; and, in conſequence of the Loves of the footman and chambermaid, I have known little maſter fancy himſelf a dying ſwain at the age of thirteen, and little miſs pining away with Love in a bib and hanging-ſleeves.

THAT vaſt heap of volumes, filled with Love, and ſufficient in number to make a library, are great enflamers, and ſeldom fail to produce that kind of paſſion deſcribed by *Rochefoucault*. The chief of theſe literary ſeducers are the old romances, and their degenerate ſpawn, the modern novels. The young ſtudent reads

reads of the emotions of Love, 'till he imagines that he feels them throbbing and fluttering in his little breaſt; as valetudinarians ſtudy the hiſtory of a diſeaſe, 'till they fancy themſelves affected with every ſymptom of it. For this reaſon, I am always ſorry to ſee any of this traſh in the hands of young people: I look upon *Caſſandra* and *Cleopatra*, as well as *Betty Barnes*, *Polly Willis*, &c. as no better than bawds; and conſider Don *Bellianis* of *Greece*, and Sir *Amadis de Gaul*, with *George Edwards*, *Loveill*, &c. as arrant pimps. But though romances and novels are both equally ſtimulatives, yet their operations are very different. The romance-ſtudent becomes a fond *Corydon* of *Sicily*, or a very *Damon* of *Arcadia*, and is in good truth ſuch a dying ſwain, that he believes he ſhall hang himſelf on the next willow, or drown himſelf in the next pond, if he ſhould loſe the object of his wiſhes: but the young noveliſt turns out more a man of the world, and after having gained the affections of his miſtreſs, forms an hundred ſchemes to ſecure the poſſeſſion of her, and to bam her relations.

THERE are, among the tribe of Lovers, a ſort of luke-warm gentlemen, who can hardly be ſaid, in the language of Love, to entertain

a *flame* for their miſtreſs. Theſe are your men of ſuperlative delicacy and refinement, who loath the groſs ideas annexed to the amours of the vulgar, and aim at ſomething more ſpiritualized and ſublime. Theſe philoſophers in Love doat on the mind alone of their miſtreſs, and would fain ſee her naked ſoul diveſted of it's material incumbrances. Gentlemen of this complexion might perhaps not improperly be ranged in the romantic claſs, but they have aſſumed to themſelves the name of *Platonic Lovers.*

PLATONISM, however, is in theſe days very ſcarce; and there is another claſs, infinitely more numerous, compoſed of a ſort of Lovers, whom we may juſtly diſtinguiſh by the title of *Epicureans.* The principles of this ſect are diametrically oppoſite to thoſe of the *Platonics.* They think no more of the ſoul of their miſtreſs, than a muſſelman, but are in raptures with her perſon. A Lover of this ſort is in perpetual extaſies: his paſſion is ſo violent, that he even ſcorches you with his flame; and he runs over the perfections of his miſtreſs in the ſame ſtile that a jockey praiſes his horſe: "Such limbs! "ſuch eyes! ſuch a neck and breaſt! ſuch—— "oh, ſhe's a rare piece!" Their ideas go no farther than mere external accompliſhments; and,

and as their wounds may be ſaid to be only ſkin-deep, we cannot allow their breaſts to be ſmitten with Love, though perhaps they may rankle with a much groſſer paſſion. Yet it muſt be owned, that nothing is more common, than for gentlemen of this caſt to be involved in what is called a Love-match: but then it is owing to the ſame cauſe with the marriage of Sir *John Brute*, who ſays, "I married my wife, becauſe "I wanted to lie with her, and ſhe would "not let me."

OTHER gentlemen, of a gay diſpoſition and warm conſtitution, who go in the catalogue for Lovers, are adorers of almoſt every woman they ſee. The flame of Love is as eaſily kindled in them, as the ſparks are ſtruck out of a flint; and it alſo expires as ſoon. A Lover of this ſort dances, one day, with a lady at a ball, and loſes his heart to her in a minuet; the next, another carries it off in the Mall; and the next day, perhaps, he goes out of town, and lodges it in the poſſeſſion of all the country beauties ſucceſſively, till at laſt he brings it back to town with him, and preſents it to the firſt woman he meets. This claſs is very numerous; but ought by no means to hold a place among the tribe of true Lovers, ſince a gentleman, who is

thus in Love with every body, may fairly be ſaid not to be in Love at all.

LOVE is univerſally allowed to be whimſical; and if whim is the eſſence of Love, none can be accounted truer Lovers, than thoſe who admire their miſtreſs for ſome particular charm, which enchains them, though it would ſingly never captivate any body elſe. Some gentlemen have been won to conjugal embraces by a pair of fine arms; others have been held faſt by an even white ſet of teeth; and I know a very good ſcholar, who was enſnared by a ſet of golden treſſes, becauſe it was the taſte of the ancients, and the true claſſical hair. Thoſe ladies, whoſe Lovers are ſuch piecemeal admirers, are in perpetual danger of loſing them. A raſh, or a pimple, may abate their affection. All thoſe, the object of whoſe adoration is merely a pretty face or a fine perſon, are in the power of the like accidents; and the ſmall-pox has occaſioned many a poor lady the loſs of her beauty and her Lover at the ſame time.

BUT, after all theſe ſpurious *Enamoratos*, there are ſome few, whoſe paſſion is ſincere and well-founded. True, genuine Love is always built upon eſteem: not that I would mean, that a man

man can reaſon and argue himſelf into Love; but that a conſtant intercourſe with an amiable woman will lead him into a contemplation of her excellent qualities, which will inſenſibly win his heart, before he is himſelf aware of it, and beget all thoſe hopes, fears, and other extravagancies, which are the natural attendants on a true paſſion. Love has been deſcribed ten thouſand times: but that I may be ſure that the little picture I would draw of it is taken from nature, I will conclude this paper with the ſtory of honeſt WILL EASY and his amiable wife. WILL EASY and Miſs ——— became very early acquainted, and, from being familiarly intimate with the whole family, WILL might be almoſt ſaid to live there. He dined and ſupped with them perpetually in town, and ſpent great part of the ſummer with them at their ſeat in the country. WILL and the lady were both univerſally allowed to have ſenſe, and their frequent converſations together gave them undoubted proofs of the goodneſs of each other's diſpoſition. They delighted in the company, and admired the perfections, of each other, and gave a thouſand little indications of a growing paſſion, not unobſerved by others, even while it was yet unknown and unſuſpected by themſelves. However, after ſome time, WILL, by mutual agree-

ment, demanded the lady of her father in marriage. But, alas! "the courſe of true Love "never yet run ſmooth:" the ill-judged ambition of a parent induced the father, out of mere love to his daughter, to refuſe her hand to the only man in the world with whom ſhe could live happily, becauſe he imagined that he might, in the *Smithfield* phraſe, do *better* for her. But Love, grounded, on juſt principles, is not eaſily ſhaken; and, as it appeared that their mutual paſſion had taken too deep root ever to be extirpated, the father at laſt, reluctantly, half conſented to their union. They enjoy a genteel competency; and WILL, by his integrity and abilities, is an honour to a learned profeſſion, and a bleſſing to his wife; whoſe greateſt praiſe is, that her virtues deſerve ſuch an huſband. She is pleaſed with having "left droſs to dutcheſſes;" he conſiders her happineſs as his main intereſt; and their example every day gives freſh conviction to the father, that where two perſons of ſtrong ſenſe and good hearts conceive a reciprocal affection for each other, their paſſion is genuine and laſting, and their union is perhaps the trueſt ſtate of happineſs under the ſun.

NUMB. CXXV. *Thurſday, June* 17, 1756.

Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. — — — — — HOR.

With Mr. TOWN, *when proſe and precepts fail,*
His friends ſupplies a poem or a tale.

NOTHING has given me a more ſenſible pleaſure, in the courſe of this undertaking, than the having been occaſionally honoured with the correſpondence of ſeveral ingenious gentlemen of both our Univerſities. My paper of to-day gives me unuſual ſatisfaction on this account; and I cannot help looking on it, with a great deal of pleaſure, as a ſort of a little *Cambridge* Miſcellany. The reader will ſee it is compoſed of two poems, which I have lately received from a correſpondent in that learned Univerſity. Theſe little pieces, unleſs my regard for the writer makes me partial to them, contain many beauties, and are written with that elegant peculiarity of ſtile and manner, which plainly ſpeak them to come from the ſame hand, that has already obliged the public with ſome other pieces of poetry, publiſhed in this paper.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

Trin. Coll. Cant. Jun. 6.

SIR,

YOUR Eſſay on the abuſe of words was very well received here; but more eſpecially that part of it, which contained the modern definition of the word RUINED. You muſt know, Sir, that in the language of our old Dons, every young man is *ruined*, who is not an arrant *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*. Yet it is remarkable, that, though the ſervants of the Muſes meet with more than ordinary diſcouragement at this place, *Cambridge* has produced many celebrated poets; witneſs *Spenſer*, *Milton*, *Cowley*, *Dryden*, &c. not to mention ſome admired writers of the preſent times. I myſelf, Sir, am grievouſly ſuſpected of being better acquainted with *Homer* and *Virgil* than *Euclid* or *Saunderſon*; and am univerſally agreed to be *ruined*, for having concerned myſelf with Hexameter and Pentameter more than Diameter. The equity of this deciſion I ſhall not diſpute; but content myſelf at preſent with ſubmitting to the public, by means of your paper, a few lines on the import of another favourite word, occaſioned by the eſſay above-mentioned.

BUT

BUT fearing that ſo ſhort a piece will not be ſufficient to eke out a whole paper, I have ſubjoined to it another little poem, not originally deſigned for the public view, but written as a familiar epiſtle to a friend. The whole is nothing more than the natural reſult of many letters and converſations, that had paſt between us, on the preſent ſtate of poetry in theſe kingdoms; in which I flattered myſelf, that I was juſtifiable in my remarks on the barrenneſs of invention in moſt modern compoſitions, as well as in regard to the cauſe of it. We are now, indeed, all become ſuch exact Critics, that there are ſcarce any tolerable Poets: what I mean by exact Critics is, that we are grown, (I ſpeak in general,) by the help of *Addiſon* and *Pope*, better judges of compoſition, than heretofore. We get an early knowledge of what *chaſte* writing is, and even ſchool-boys are checked in the luxuriancy of their genius, and not ſuffered to run riot in their imaginations. I muſt own I cannot help looking on it as a bad omen to poetry, that there is now-a-days ſcarce any ſuch thing to be met with as fuſtian and bombaſt: for our authors, dreading the vice of incorrectneſs above all others, grow ridiculouſly preciſe and affected. In ſhort, however paradoxical it may ſeem, we have now, in my opinion, too

correct

correct a taſte. It is to no purpoſe for ſuch prudent ſober wooers, as our modern bards, to knock at the door of the Muſes. They, as well as mortal ladies, love to be attacked briſkly. Should we take a review even of *Chaucer*'s poetry, the moſt inattentive reader, in the very thickeſt of old *Geoffrey*'s woods, would find the light ſometimes pierce through, and break in upon him like lightening; and a man muſt have no ſoul in him, who does not admire the fancy, the ſtrength, and elegance of *Spenſer*, even through that diſagreeable habit, which the faſhion of the times obliged him to wear. To conclude, there is this material difference between the former and preſent age of Poetry; that the writers in the firſt *thought* poetically; in the laſt, they only *expreſs* themſelves ſo. Modern poets ſeem to me more to ſtudy the manner how they ſhall write, than what is to be written. The minute accuracy of their productions; the bells of their rhimes, ſo well matched, making moſt melodious tinkle; and all the *mechaniſm* of poetry, ſo exactly finiſhed; (together with a total deficiency of ſpirit, which ſhould be the leaven of the whole,) put me in mind of a piece of furniture, generally found in the ſtudies of the learned, "in an "odd angle of the room," a mahogany caſe, elegantly

elegantly carved and faſhioned on the outſide, the ſpecious covering of a—chamber-pot.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

R. L.

The SATYR *and* The PEDLAR.

A FABLE.

WORDS are, ſo *Wollaſton* defines,
Of our ideas merely ſigns,
Which have a pow'r at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now *damn'd*, for inſtance—All agree
Damn'd's the *ſuperlative Degree*;
Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore.
Damn'd is a word can't ſtand alone,
Which has no meaning of it's own;
But ſignifies or bad or good,
Juſt as it's neighbour's underſtood.
Examples we may find enough;
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine, *damn'd* ſtuff.
So fares it too with it's relation,
I mean it's ſubſtantive, *damnation*.
The wit with metaphors makes bold,
And tells you he's *damnation* cold:
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
The ſelf-ſame wit's *damnation* hot.

AND

AND here a fable I remember ——
Once in the middle of *December*,
When every mead in ſnow is loſt,
And ev'ry river bound with froſt;
When families get all together,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When—pox of the deſcriptive rhime—
In ſhort, it was the winter time.
It was a Pedlar's happy lot
To fall into a *Satyr*'s cot:
Shiv'ring with cold, and almoſt froze,
With pearly drop upon his noſe,
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,
He blew upon them with his breath.
Friend, quoth the *Satyr*, what intends
That blowing on thy fingers' ends?
"It is to warm them thus I blow,
"For they are froze as cold as ſnow;
"And ſo inclement has it been,
"I'm like a cake of ice within."
Come, quoth the *Satyr*, comfort, man!
I'll chear thy inſide, if I can;
You're welcome, in my homely cottage,
To a warm fire and meſs of pottage.

THIS ſaid, the *Satyr* nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of ſav'ry broth;

Which

Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,
As ſmoaking on the board it ſtood.
But, though the very ſteam aroſe
With grateful odour to his noſe,
One ſingle ſip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was ſo wond'rous hot.
What can be done?—with gentle puff
He blows it, 'till it's cool enough.

WHY how now, Pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing? quoth the *Satyr*.
I blow to cool it, cries the clown,
That I may get the liquor down;
For, though I grant you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, Sir, as hot as hell.

THEN raiſing high his cloven ſtump,
The *Satyr* ſmote him on the rump.
" Begone, thou double knave, or fool;
" With the ſame breath to warm and cool!
" Friendſhip with ſuch I never hold,
" Who're ſo *damn'd* hot, and ſo *damn'd* cold.

EPISTLE *to a* FRIEND.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
That Modern Rules obſtruct perfection,
And the ſeverity of *Taſte*,
Has laid the walk of Genius waſte.

Fancy's

Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
Our authors creep inſtead of ſoaring;
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.

BUT ſtill you cry, in ſober ſadneſs,
"There is diſcretion e'en in madneſs."
A pithy ſentence, but wants credit,
Becauſe, I find, a Poet ſaid it:
Their verdict makes but ſmall impreſſion,
Who are known liars by profeſſion.
Riſe what exalted flights it will,
True Genius will be Genius ſtill,
And ſay, that horſe would you prefer,
Which wants a bridle, or a ſpur?
The mettled ſteed may loſe his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.

HAD *Shakeſpeare* crept by Modern Rules,
We'd loſt his witches, fairies, fools,
Inſtead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,
Or garden trim and all inclos'd,
In niceſt ſymmetry diſpos'd,
The hedges cut in proper order,
Nor e'en a branch beyond it's border.
Now like a Foreſt he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years;

Where

Where many a tree aſpiring ſhrouds
It's aëry ſummit in the clouds,
Where round it's root ſtill loves to twine
The ivy and wild eglantine.

" BUT *Shakeſpeare*'s all-creative fancy
" Made others love extravagancy,
" While cloud-capt Nonſenſe was their aim,
" Like *Hurlothrumbo*'s mad Lord *Flame*."
True.—Who can ſtop dull imitators,
Thoſe younger brothers of tranſlators,
Thoſe inſects, which from Genius riſe,
And buz about, in ſwarms, like Flies?
Faſhion, that ſets the modes of dreſs,
Sheds too her influence o'er the preſs:
As formerly the ſons of rhime
Sought *Shakeſpeare*'s fancy and ſublime,
By cool correctneſs now they hope
To emulate the praiſe of *Pope*.
But *Pope* and *Shakeſpeare* both diſclaim
Theſe low retainers to their fame.

WHAT taſk can dulneſs e'er affect
So eaſy, as to write correct?
Poets, 'tis ſaid, are ſure to ſplit
By too much or too little wit;
So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
They miſs their mark, and follow neither:

They

They ſo exactly poiſe the ſcale,
That neither meaſure will prevail;
And Mediocrity the Muſe
Did never in her ſons excuſe.
'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd,
With all the charms of modern *Taſte*,
And ev'ry ſenſeleſs line is dreſt
In quaint expreſſion's tinſel veſt.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A *Monſieur* Barber in the ſtreet,
Whoſe ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers ends,
His olive-tann'd complexion graces,
With little dabs of *Dreſden* laces;
While, for the Body, *Monſieur* Puff
Wou'd think e'en *Dowlas* fine enough?
So fares it with our men of rhimes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes;
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry cloaths,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
But fairly ſtrip them to the ſhirt,
They're all made up of rags and dirt.

SHALL then ſuch wretches Bards commence,
Without or ſpirit, taſte, or ſenſe?
And, when they bring no other treaſure,
Shall I admire them for their meaſure?

Or,

Or do I ſcorn the critic's rules,
Becauſe I will not learn of fools?
Although *Longinus'* foul-mouth'd proſe
With all the force of Genius glows;
Though *Dionyſius* learned taſte
Is ever manly, juſt, and chaſte,
Who, like a ſkilful, wiſe phyſician,
Diſſects each part of compoſition,
And ſhews how beauty ſtrikes the ſoul,
From a juſt compact of the whole;
Though judgment in *Quintilian*'s page
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet *Hypercritics* I diſdain,
A race of blockheads, dull and vain,
And laugh at all thoſe empty fools,
Who cramp a Genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow ſcience mocks
Damn with the name of Het'rodox.
Theſe butchers of a poet's fame,
While they uſurp the Critic's name,
Cry, "this is *Taſte*—that's my opinion;"
And poets dread their mock dominion.
So have you ſeen, with dire affright,
The Petty Monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow-chair,
Command the pris'ners to appear;
Harangue an hour on watchman's praiſe,
And on the dire effect of frays;

Then

Then cry, " you"ll ſuffer for your daring,
" And damn you, you ſhall pay for ſwearing :"
Then, turning, tell th' aſtoniſh'd ring,
I ſit to repreſent the KING.

NUMB. CXXVI. *Thurſday, June* 24, 1756.

Proinde tona eloquio, ſolitum tibi.— VIRG.

Rant, roar, and bellow with theatric air,
And ſink the rev'rend preacher in the play'r.

I REMEMBER a rector of a pariſh at the court end of the town, who was generally accounted a very fine preacher, that uſed to aim at delivering himſelf in the moſt bold and animated ſtile of oratory. The tone of his voice was nicely accommodated to the different branches of his diſcourſe, and every thing was pronounced with uncommon energy and emphaſis: he alſo indulged himſelf in equal freedom of action, and abounded in various extraordinary geſticulations: his ſermons themſelves were ſown thick with tropes, metaphors, and ſimilies, and every-where enriched with *apoſtrophe* and *proſopopœia.*

As I knew that this reverend gentleman had been abroad with a young nobleman in the capacity

capacity of a travelling tutor, I did not wonder at the violent exertion of his voice, and the vehemence of his action; this affected air being a piece of clerical foppery, which an itinerant clergyman is apt to adopt, while his pupil is gleaning all the other follies of *Paris:* at which place it is very common to ſee a *capuchine* ſo heated with his ſubject, that he often ſeems in danger of throwing himſelf out of the pulpit. But I was at a loſs how to account for the glowing ſtile of his diſcourſes; 'till, happening to turn over the works of a celebrated *French* preacher, I found, that the oratorical performances of my friend were no other than faithful tranſlations of them.

THIS ſort of pulpit plagiariſm may perhaps be more adapted to the taſte of ſome of our faſhionable declaimers, than the more hackneyed method of tranſcribing a page from *Barrow*, *Tillotſon*, or *Atterbury*. But, although ſuch practices may be leſs liable to detection, it is certainly more orthodox to rifle the works of our own Divines, than to ranſack the treaſures of *Romiſh* prieſts; and their inflamed orations are undoubtedly leſs adapted to the genius of our people, than the ſober reaſonings of our own preachers. *Voltaire*, in his Eſſay on Epic

Poetry, has touched this Point with his uſual vivacity, and given a very juſt deſcription of the different ſpecies of Pulpit Eloquence, that obtain in *France* and *England*. The whole paſſage is as follows. "Diſcourſes, aiming "at the *pathetic*, pronounced with vehemence, "and accompanied with violent geſtures, would "excite laughter in an *Engliſh* congregation. "For as they are fond of bloated language and "the moſt impaſſioned eloquence on the Stage, "ſo in the Pulpit they affect the moſt un-"ornamented ſimplicity. A Sermon in *France* "is a long *Declamation*, ſcrupulouſly divided "into three parts, and delivered with *enthuſiaſm*. "In *England*, a Sermon is a *ſolid*, but ſome-"times *dry*, *Diſſertation*, which a man *reads* to "the people, without geſture, and without any "particular exaltation of the voice. In *Italy*, "(he adds) a Sermon is a Spiritual Comedy:" or rather Farce, he might have ſaid; ſince the Preachers in that country harangue their audience, running to and fro on a ſort of raiſed ſtage, like a mountebank. It muſt be owned, however, that ſome of our clergy are greatly wanting in that life and ſpirit, which would render their inſtructions more affecting, as well as more pleaſing. Their ſermons are frequently drawled out in one dull tone, without any variation

variation of voice or geſture: ſo that it is no wonder, if ſome of the congregation ſhould be caught napping, when the preacher himſelf hardly ſeems to be awake. But though this drowſy delivery is not to be commended, yet a ſerious earneſtneſs is moſt likely to engage the attention, and convince the reaſon. This manner, as it is moſt decent in itſelf, is beſt ſuited to an *Engliſh* audience: though it is no wonder, that a different ſtrain of oratory ſhould prevail in *France*; ſince a *Frenchman* accompanies almoſt every word in ordinary converſation with ſome fantaſtic geſture, and even inquires concerning your health, and talks of the weather with a thouſand ſhrugs and grimaces.

BUT though I do not like to ſee a preacher lazily lolling on the cuſhion, or dozing over his ſermon-caſe, and haranguing his audience with an unchriſtian apathy; yet even this unanimated delivery is perhaps leſs offenſive, than to obſerve a clergyman not ſo aſſiduous to inſtruct his audience, as to be admired by them: not to mention, that even *Voltaire* himſelf ſeems to think our manner of preaching preferable, on the whole, to the declamatory ſtile and affected geſtures, uſed by the clergy of his own nation. A ſober divine ſhould not aſcend the pulpit with

the ſame paſſions that a public orator mounts the *roſtrum:* much leſs ſhould he aſſume the voice, geſture, and deportment of a player, and the language of the theatre. He ſhould preſerve a temperance in the moſt earneſt parts of his diſcourſe, and go through the whole of it in ſuch a manner, as beſt agrees with the ſolemn place in which it is uttered. Pompous nonſenſe, bellowed out with a thundering accent, comes with a worſe grace from the pulpit, than bombaſt and fuſtian injudiciouſly ranted forth by a "periwig-pated fellow" on the ſtage. I cannot better illuſtrate the abſurdity and indecency of this manner, than by a familiar, though ſhameful, inſtance of it. Whoever has occaſionally joined with the butchers in making up the audience of the *Clare-Market* Orator, will agree with me, that the impropriety of his ſtile and the extravagance of his action become ſtill more ſhocking and intolerable by the day which they profane, and the eccleſiaſtic appearance of the place in which the declaimer harangues. Thus while thoſe, who thunder out damnation from pariſh pulpits, may, from aſſuming the manners of the threatre, be reſembled to ranting players; the *Clare-Market* Orator, while he turns religion into farce, muſt be conſidered as exhibiting ſhews and interludes of an inferior nature, and himſelf

himſelf regarded as a Jack-pudding in a gown and caſſock.

A BLOATED ſtile is perhaps of all others leaſt to be commended. It is more frequently made a ſhelter for nonſenſe, than a vehicle of truth: but, though improper on all occaſions, it more eſpecially deviates from the chaſte plainneſs and ſimplicity of Pulpit Eloquence. Nor am I leſs diſpleaſed with thoſe, who are admired by ſome as *pretty* preachers; as I think a clergyman may be a coxcomb in his ſtile and manner, as well as a prig in his appearance. Flowers of rhetoric, injudiciouſly ſcattered over a ſermon, as are diſguſting in his diſcourſe, as the ſmug wig and ſcented white handkerchief in his dreſs. The *pretty* preacher aims alſo at politeneſs and good-breeding, takes the ladies to taſk in a genteel vein of raillery, and handles their modiſh foibles with the ſame air, that he gallants their fans: but if he has a mind to put his abilities to the ſtretch, and indulge himſelf in a more than ordinary flow of rhetoric, he fritters away the ſolemnity of ſome ſcriptural ſubject; and I have heard a flouriſhing declaimer of this caſt take off from the awful idea of the Paſſion, by dwelling principally on the gracefulneſs of perſon, ſweetneſs of voice, and elegance

of deportment, in the Divine Sufferer; and at another time, in ſpeaking of the Fall, I have known him enter into a pictureſque deſcription of the woods, groves, and rivulets, panſies, pinks, and violets, that threw a perpetual gaiety over the face of nature in the garden of *Eden*.

AFFECTED oratory and an extravagant delivery were firſt practiſed by thoſe, who vary from the eſtabliſhed church: nor is there any manner ſo unbecoming and indecent, which has not, at one time or another, been accounted truly ſpiritual and graceful. Snuffling through the noſe, with an harmonious twang, has been regarded as a kind of church-muſic beſt calculated to raiſe devotion, and a piteous chorus of ſighs and groans has been thought the moſt effectuall call to repentance. Irregular tremblings of the voice, and contortions of the perſon, have long been the eloquence of Quakers and Preſbyterians; and are now the favourite mode of preaching practiſed by thoſe ſelf-ordained teachers, who ſtrike out new lights in religion, and pour forth their extempore rhapſodies in a torrent of enthuſiaſtical oratory. An inſpired cobler will thunder out anathemas, with the tone and geſture of St. *Paul*, from a joint-ſtool; and an enlightened bricklayer will work himſelf up to ſuch

ſuch a pitch of vehemence, as ſhall make his audience quake again. I am ſorry to ſee our regular divines rather copying, than reforming, this hot and extravagant manner of preaching; and have with pain been witneſs to a wild intemperate delivery in our pariſh-churches, which I ſhould only have expected at the chapel in *Long-Acre*, or at the Foundery and Tabernacle in *Moor-Fields*.

As a ſerious earneſtneſs in the delivery, and a nervous ſimplicity in the ſtile of a diſcourſe, are the moſt becoming ornaments of the pulpit, ſo an affectation of eloquence is no-where ſo offenſive. The delivery of a preacher, as well as his diction, ſhould, like his dreſs, be plain and decent. Inflamed eloquence and wild geſtures are unſuitable to the place and his function; and though ſuch vehement heat may perhaps kindle the zeal of a few enthuſiaſtic old beldams in the aile, it has a very different effect on the more rational part of the congregation. I would therefore recommend it to our faſhionable divines, to aim at being Preachers rather than Orators or Actors, and to endeavour to make their diſcourſes appear like Sermons rather than Orations.

NUMB. CXXVII. *Thurſday, July* 1, 1756.

Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur. HOR.

Rage in her eyes, diſtraction in her mien,
Her breaſt indignant ſwells with jealous ſpleen.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

WE are told, that in *Spain* it is the cuſtom for huſbands never to let their wives go abroad without a watchful old woman to attend them; and in *Turkey* it is the faſhion to lock up their miſtreſſes under the guard of a truſty eunuch: but I never knew, that in any country the men were put under the ſame reſtrictions. Alas! Sir, my wife is to me a very *Duenna*: ſhe is as careful of me, as the *Keiſler Aga*, or Chief Eunuch, is of the Grand Signior's favourite Sultana: and whether ſhe believes, that I am in love with every woman, or that every woman is in love with me, ſhe will never truſt me out of her ſight; but ſticks as cloſe to me, as if ſhe really was, without a figure, bone of my bone, and fleſh of my fleſh. I am never ſuffered to ſtir abroad without her, leſt I ſhould go aſtray; and

and at home ſhe follows me up and down the houſe, like a child in leading-ſtrings: nay, if I do but ſtep down ſtairs on any ordinary occaſion, ſhe is ſo afraid I ſhould give her the ſlip, that ſhe always ſcreams after me, "my "dear, you are not going out;" though, for better ſecurity, ſhe generally locks up my hat and cane, together with her own gloves and cardinal, that one may not ſtir out without the other.

I CANNOT flatter myſelf, that I am handſomer or better made than other men: nor has ſhe, in my eyes at leaſt, fewer charms than other women. Need I add, that my complexion is not over ſanguine, nor my conſtitution very robuſt? and yet ſhe is ſo very doubtful of my conſtancy, that I cannot ſpeak, or even pay the compliment of my hat, to any young lady, though in public, without giving new alarms to her jealouſy. Such an one, ſhe is ſure from her flaunting airs, is a kept madam; another is no better than ſhe ſhould be; and ſhe ſaw another tip me the wink, or give me a nod, as a mark of ſome private aſſignation between us. A nun, Sir, might as ſoon force her way into a convent of monks, as any young woman get admittance into our houſe: ſhe has therefore affronted all

her acquaintance of her own ſex, that are not, or might not have been, the grandmothers of many generations; and is at home to nobody, but maiden ladies in the bloom of threeſcore, and beauties of the laſt century.

SHE will ſcarce allow me to mix even with perſons of my own ſex; and ſhe looks upon bachelors in particular, as no better than pimps and common ſeducers. One evening, indeed, ſhe vouchſafed to truſt me out of doors at a tavern with ſome of my male friends: but the firſt bottle had ſcarce gone round, before word was brought up, that my boy was come with the lanthorn to light me home. I ſent him back with orders to call in an hour; when preſently after the maid was diſpatched, with notice that my dear was gone to bed very ill, and wanted me directly. I was preparing to obey the ſummons; when, to our great ſurprize, the ſick lady herſelf bolted into the room, complained of my cruel heart, and fell into a fit; from which ſhe did not recover, 'till the coach had ſet us down at our own houſe. She then called me the baſeſt of huſbands, and ſaid, that all taverns were no better than bawdy-houſes. and that men only went thither to meet naughty women: at laſt ſhe declared it to be her firm reſolution, that

I ſhould

I ſhould never ſet my foot in any one of them again, except herſelf be allowed to make one of the company.

You will ſuppoſe, Sir, that while my wife is thus cautious, that I ſhould not be led aſtray when abroad, ſhe takes particular care, that I may not ſtumble on temptation at home. For this reaſon, as ſoon as I had brought her to my houſe, my two maid-ſervants were immediately turned away at a moment's warning, not without many covert hints, and ſome open accuſations, of too near an intimacy between us: though I proteſt to you, one was a feeble old wrinkled creature, as haggard and frightful as mother *Shipton*; and the other, a ſtrapping wench, as coarſe and brawny as the Female *Samſon*. Even my man *John*, who had lived in the family for thirty years, was packed off, as being too well acquainted with his maſter's ſly ways. A chair-woman was forced to do our work for ſome time, before madam could ſuit herſelf with maids for her purpoſe. One was too pert an huſſy; another went too fine; another was an impudent forward young baggage. At preſent our houſhold is made up of ſuch beautiful monſters, as *Caliban* himſelf might fall in love with: my lady's own waiting-woman has a

moſt inviting hump-back, and is ſo charmingly paralytic, that ſhe ſhakes all over, like a *Chineſe* figure; the houſe-maid ſquints moſt detightfully with one ſolitary eye, which weeps continually for the loſs of it's fellow; and the cook, beſides a moſt captivating red face and protuberant waiſt, has a moſt graceful hobble in her gait, occaſioned by one leg being ſhorter than the other.

I NEED not tell you, that I muſt never write a letter, but my wife muſt ſee the contents, before it is done up; and that I never dare to open one, till ſhe has broke the ſeal, or read it, 'till ſhe has firſt run it over. Every rap at the door from the poſt-man makes her tremble; and I have known her ready to burſt with ſpleen at ſeeing a ſuperſcription, written in a fair *Italian* hand, though perhaps it only comes from my aunt in the country. She can pick out an intrigue even from the impreſſion on the wax: and a *Cupid*, or two hearts joined in union, or a wafer pricked with a pin, or ſtamped with a thimble, ſhe interprets as the certain tokens of a billet-doux: and if there is a blank ſpace left in any part of the letter, ſhe always holds it for ſome time before the fire; that, if it ſhould be filled with any ſecret contents, written in juice

juice of lemons, they may by that means become viſible.

About a month ago ſhe found a myſterious paper in my coat-pocket, which awakened all her miſtruſt. This ſuſpicious manuſcript was drawn up in hierolgyphics; which as ſhe could not interpret, ſhe immediately concluded it to be a *billet-doux* from ſome naſty creature, whom I ſecretly maintained in a corner of the Town; and that we correſponded together in cypher. This terrible paper, Sir, was in truth no other than a bill from my blackſmith in the country; who, never having learnt to write, expreſſed his meaning by characters of his own invention. Thus, if he had mended a ſpade, he charged it to my account, by drawing, as well as he could, the figure of a ſpade, and adding at a little diſtance ſix perpendicular lines, to ſignify *ſix-pence*; or, if he had repaired a plough, he ſketched out that alſo in the ſame kind of rough draught, and annexed to it four curve lines, to denote *four ſhillings*. This matter I explained to my wife as fully as poſſible, but very little to her ſatisfaction. It is abſolutely impoſſible to quiet her ſuſpicions: ſhe is perpetually reproaching me with my private trull, nay upbraids me on this account before ſtrangers; and it was but

laſt

laſt week, that ſhe put me to inconceivable confuſion before a whole room-full of company, by telling them, that I was in love with a blackſmith.

JEALOUSY, Sir, it is ſaid, is a ſign of love. It may be ſo: but it is a ſpecies of love, which is attended with all the malevolent properties of hate: nay, I will venture to ſay, that many a modern wife hates her huſband moſt heartily, without cauſing him half that uneaſineſs, which my loving conſort's ſuſpicious temper creates to me. Her jealous whims diſturb me the more, becauſe I am naturally of an even mind and calm diſpoſition; and one of the chief bleſſings I promiſed myſelf in matrimony was, to enjoy the ſweets of domeſtic tranquillity. I loved my wife paſſionately; but I muſt own, that theſe perpetual attacks upon my peace make me regard her with leſs and leſs tenderneſs every day; and though there is not a woman in the world, that I would prefer to my wife, yet I am apt to think, that ſuch violent ſuſpicions, without a cauſe, have often created real matter for jealouſy.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant, &c.

T

NUMB. CXXVIII. *Thurſday, July* 8, 1756.

Quod optimum ſit quæritis convivium,
In quod Cholaures non venit? MART.

Happy that houſe, where Fiddles never come,
Horn, Hautboy, Harpſichord, nor Kettle-Drum!

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

MY wife is mad, ſtark mad; and unleſs you can preſcribe ſome remedy for that ſtrange phrenzy which poſſeſſes her, my peace of mind muſt be for ever broken, and my fortune inevitably ruined. You muſt know, Sir, that ſhe is afflicted with a diſorder exactly oppoſite to the bite of a *Tarantula*: for, as that is ſaid to admit of no cure but muſic, there is not a note in the *Gamut*, but what tends to heighten and inflame my wife's lunacy. I find it is the faſhion, in this age, for ſingers and fidlers to publiſh Appeals to the public: wherefore, as you have hitherto liſtened to the complaints of huſbands, I muſt beg you now to conſider mine, and to ſuffer me alſo to appeal to the public, by means of your paper.

A FEW

A FEW years ago buſineſs called me over to *Italy*; where this unfortunate woman received the firſt touches of this diſorder. She ſoon conceived a violent paſſion for Taſte in general, which ſettled at laſt in an unquenchable rage after muſical compoſitions. Solos, Sonatas, Operas, and Concertos, became her ſole employment and delight, and ſingers and muſicians her only company. At length, full of *Italian* airs, ſhe returned to *England*, where alſo her whole happineſs has been centered in the orcheſtra, and it has been her whole pride to be thought a *Connoiſſeur* in muſic. If there is an opera, oratorio, or concert, to be performed within the bills of mortality, I do not believe, that the riches of the *Indies* could prevail on her to be abſent. Two, and only two, good conſequences flow from this madneſs; and thoſe are, that ſhe conſtantly attends St. *James*'s chapel, for the ſake of the anthem and the reſt of the muſic: and, out of the many pounds idly ſquandered on minims and ſemi-quavers, ſome few are dedicated to charities, which are promoted by muſical performances.

BUT what makes this rage after catgut more irkſome and intolerable to me is, that I have not myſelf the leaſt idea of what they call Taſte, and

and it almoſt drives me mad to be peſtered with it. I am a plain man, and have not the leaſt ſpice of a *Connoiſſeur* in my compoſition; yet nothing will ſatisfy my wife, unleſs I appear as fond of ſuch nonſenſe as herſelf. About a month ago ſhe prevailed on me to attend her to the Opera, where every dying fall made her expire, as well as Lady *Townly*. She was raviſhed with one air, in extaſies at another, applauded *Ricciarelli*, encored *Mingotti*, and, in ſhort, acted like an abſolute mad-woman; while the performance, and her behaviour, had a quite different effect upon me, who ſat dumb with confuſion, "moſt muſical, moſt melan-"cholly," at her elbow. When we came home again, ſhe ſeemed as happy as harmony could make her; but I muſt own, that I was all diſcord, and moſt heartily vexed at being made a fool in public. "Well, my dear, ſaid ſhe, "how do you like the Opera?"——"Zouns, "madam, I would as ſoon be dragged through "an horſepond, as go to an opera with you "again."——"O fie, but you muſt be de-"lighted with *The Mingotti*."——"*The Min-"gotti!* The Devil."——"Well, I am ſorry "for it, Sir *Aaron*, but I find you have no "Ear."——"Ear, madam? I had rather "cut off my ears, than ſuffer them to make

"me

"me an ideot." To this ſhe made me no reply, but began a favourite opera tune; and, after taking a tour round the room, like one of the ſingers, left me alone.

If my wife could be ſatisfied, like other muſical ladies, with attending public performances, and now and then thrumming on her harpſichord the tunes ſhe hears there, I ſhould be content: but ſhe has alſo a concert of her own conſtantly once a week. Here ſhe is in ſtill greater raptures than at the opera, as all the muſic is choſen and appointed by herſelf. The expence of this whim is monſtrous; for not one of theſe people will open their mouths, or roſin a ſingle ſtring, without being very well paid for it. Then ſhe muſt have all the beſt hands and voices; and has almoſt as large a ſet of performers in pay as the manager of the opera. It puts me quite out of patience to ſee theſe fellows, ſtrutting about my houſe, dreſt up like lords and gentlemen. Not a ſingle fidler, or ſinger, but what appears in lace or embroidery; and I once miſtook my wife's chief muſician for a foreign ambaſſador.

It is impoſſible to recount the numberleſs follies, to which this ridiculous paſſion for muſic expoſes

expoſes her. Her devotion to the art makes her almoſt adore the profeſſors of it. A muſician is a greater man in her eye, than a duke; and ſhe would ſooner oblige an opera-ſinger than a counteſs. She is as buſy in promoting their benefits, as if ſhe was to have the receipts of the houſe; and quarrels with all her acquaintance, who will not permit her to load them with tickets. Every fidler in town makes it is buſineſs to ſcrape an acquaintance with her; and an *Italian* is no ſooner imported, than ſhe becomes a part of my wife's band of performers. In the late Opera diſputes, ſhe has been a moſt furious partizan; and it is impoſſible for any patriot to feel more anxiety for the danger of *Blakeney* and *Minorca*, than ſhe has ſuffered on account of the Opera, and the loſs of *Mingotti*.

I DO not believe my wife has a ſingle idea except recitative, airs, counter-tenor, thorough-baſs, &c. which are perpetually ſinging in her head. When we ſit together, inſtead of joining in any agreeable converſation, ſhe is always either humming a tune, or "diſcourſing moſt "eloquent muſic." Nature has denied her a voice; but, as *Italy* has given her Taſte and a graceful manner, ſhe is continually ſqueaking out ſtrains, leſs melodious than the harmony of ballad-

ballad-ſinging in our ſtreets, or pſalm-ſinging in a country church. To make her ſtill more ridiculous, ſhe learns to play on that maſculine inſtrument, the baſs-viol; the pleaſure of which nothing can prevail on her to forego, as the baſs-viol, ſhe daily tells me, contains the whole power and very ſoul of harmony.

WHAT method, Mr. TOWN, ſhall I perſue to cure my wife of this muſical phrenzy? I have ſome thoughts of holding weekly a burleſque *Rorotorio*, compoſed of mock-airs, with grand accompanyments of the Jew's Harp, Wooden Spoons, and Marrowbones and Cleavers, on the ſame day with my wife's concert; and have actually ſent to two of Mrs. *Midnight*'s hands to teach me the art and myſtery of playing on the Broomſtick and Hurdy-Gurdy, at the ſame time that my wife learns on the baſs-viol. I have alſo a ſtrong rough voice, which will enable me to roar out *Bumper* 'Squire Jones, *Roaſt Beef*, or ſome other old *Engliſh* ballad, whenever ſhe begins to trill forth her melodious airs in *Italian*. If this has no effect, I will learn to beat the drum, or wind the poſt-horn: and if I ſhould ſtill find it impoſſible for noiſe and clamour to overcome the ſound of her voices and inſtruments, I have half reſolved peremptorily to

ſhut

ſhut my doors againſt ſingers and fidlers, and even to demoliſh her harpſichord and baſs-viol.

BUT this, alas! is coming to extremities, which I am almoſt afraid to venture, and would endeavour to avoid. I have no averſion to muſic; but I would not be a fidler: nor do I diſlike company; yet I would as ſoon keep an inn, as convert my houſe into a theatre for all the idle things of both ſexes to aſſemble at. But my wife's affections are ſo wedded to the *Gamut*, that I cannot deviſe any means to wean her from this folly. If I could make her fond of dreſs, or teach her to love cards, plays, or any thing but muſic, I ſhould he happy. This method of deſtroying my peace with harmony, is no better than tickling me to death; and to ſquander away ſuch ſums of money on a parcel of bawling ſcraping raſcals in laced coats and bag-wigs, is abſolutely giving away my eſtate for an old ſong. You, Mr. TOWN, are a profeſſed *Connoiſſeur*; therefore either give me a little Taſte, or teach my wife to abandon it: for at preſent we are but a jangling pair, and there is not the leaſt harmony between us, though, like baſs and treble, we are obliged to join in concert.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

T AARON HUMKIN,

NUMB. CXXIX. *Thurſday, July* 15, 1756.

—— Poſt cineres gloria ſera venit. MART.

Fame to our aſhes comes, alas! too late;
And praiſe ſmells rank upon the coffin-plate.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

I AM a rich old bachelor, and, like other ancient gentlemen of that order, am very fond of being indulged in all my odd humours, and always having my own way. This is one reaſon I never married: for if my wife had been a ſhrewiſh termagant, ſhe would have killed me; and if ſhe had been a tame domeſtic animal, I ſhould have killed her. But the way of life I have now fallen into is, of all others, the beſt calculated to gratify my fantaſtical temper. I have no near relation, indeed, who will ſubmit to be treated as an humble couſin all my life, in hopes of being happy at my death; yet I abound in ſycophants and followers, every one of whom I delude, like another *Volpone*, with the expectations of being made my heir.

The

The abject ſpirit of theſe wretches flatters me, and amuſes me. I am indolent, and hate contradiction; and can ſafely ſay, that not one of my acquaintance has contradicted me for theſe ſeven years. There is not one of them but would be glad if I would ſpit in his face, or rejoice at a kick of the breech from me, if they thought I meant it as a token of my familiarity. When I am grave, they appear as dull as mutes at a funeral: when I ſmile, they grin like monkies: when I tell a ſilly ſtory, they chuckle over every ridiculous particular, and ſhake their ſides in admiration of my wit. Sometimes I pretend to be ſhort-ſighted, and then not one of them ſees farther than his noſe. They ſwallow ſour wine, eat muſty victuals, and are proud to ride in my old boots.

I HAVE been told of a certain prelate, who brought his chaplains to ſuch a degree of ſervility, that after every deal at whiſt, they would aſk him, what he would chuſe to have for trumps next deal? I keep my fellows in equal good order. They all think me a cloſe old hunks; and, imagining that winning their money will put me in good humour with them, they practice all the arts of ſharping to cheat themſelves. I have known them pack the cards

at

at Whiſt, that I might hold all the four honours in my own hand: they will load the dice in my favour, at Hazard; pocket themſelves on purpoſe at Billiards; and, at Bowls, if any one is near winning the game, he never fails in the next caſt to miſtake his biaſs. It is impoſſible for the moſt deſpotic monarch to be more abſolute over his ſubjects, than I am over theſe ſlaves and ſycophants. Yet, in ſpite of all their endeavours to oblige me, I moſt heartily deſpiſe them; and have already drawn up a will, in which I have bequeathed to each of them a ſhilling and a dog-collar.

BUT, though I have ſettled in my mind what legacies I ſhall leave to *them*, I have not thoroughly reſolved in what manner I ſhall diſpoſe of the bulk of my eſtate. Indeed I am fully determined, like moſt other wealthy bachelors, either to leave my fortune to ſome oſtentatious pious uſes, or to perſons, whom I have never ſeen, and for whoſe characters I have not the leaſt regard or eſteem. To ſpeak ſincerely, oſtentation carries away my whole heart: but then it is a little difficult to find out a new object to indulge my vanity, whilſt I am on this ſide the grave; by ſecuring to me a certain

a certain proſpect of poſthumous fame, which is always ſo agreeable to living pride.

THE hoſpitals are ſo numerous, that my name will be loſt among thoſe more known and eſtabliſhed of *Guy*, *Morden*, *Bancroft*, and I know not who. Beſides, in the ſpace of four or five centuries, perhaps, it may be thought, notwithſtanding my whole length picture and ſtatue, that I had aſſiſtance from parliament. If I order my money to be laid out in churches, they will never be built: if in temples, gardens, lakes, obeliſks, and ſerpentine rivers, the next generation of the ſons of Taſte will demoliſh all my works, turn my rounds into ſquares, and my ſquares into rounds, and not leave even my buſt, although it were caſt in plaiſter of *Paris* by Mr. *Racſtrow*, or worked up in wax by Mr. *Goupy*. Or ſuppoſing, in imitation of ſome of my predeceſſors, I were to bequeath my fortune to my houſekeeper, and recommend her in my will as a pattern of virtue, diligence, and every good quality, what will be the effect? In three weeks after my death ſhe will marry an *Iriſhman*, and I ſhall not even enjoy my monument and marble periwig in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*.

NOTHING perplexes me ſo much as the diſpoſal of my money by my laſt will and teſtament. While I am living it procures the moſt ſervile compliance with all my whims from my ſycophants, and ſeveral other conveniencies: but I would fain buy fame with it after my death. Do but inſtruct me, how I may lay it out in the moſt valuable purchaſes of this ſort; only diſcover ſome new object of charity, and perhaps I may bequeath you a round ſum of money for your advice.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

THOMAS VAINALL.

IT is ſaid by an old poet, that no man's life can be called happy or unhappy 'till his death; in like manner, I have often thought, that no words or actions are a better comment on a perſon's temper and diſpoſition, than his laſt will and teſtament. This is a true portraiture of himſelf, drawn at full length by his own hand, in which the painting is commonly very lively, and the features very ſtrongly marked. In the diſcharge of this ſolemn act, people ſign and ſeal themſelves, either wiſe and good characters, or villains and fools: and any perſon that makes a ridiculous will, and bequeaths his money

money to frivolous uſes, only takes a great deal of pains like *Dogberry* in the play, "that he may "be ſet down an aſs."

THE love of fame governs our actions more univerſally than any other paſſion. All the reſt gradually drop off, but this runs through our whole lives. This perhaps is one of the chief inducements, that influences wealthy perſons to bequeath their poſſeſſions to oſtentatious uſes; and they would as willingly lay out a conſiderable ſum in buying a great name (if poſſible) at their deaths, as they would beſtow it on the purchaſe of a coat of heraldry, during their lives. They are pleaſed with leaving ſome memorial of their exiſtence behind them, and to perpetuate the remembrance of themſelves by the application of their money to ſome vain-glorious purpoſes; though the good gentlemen never did one act to make themſelves remarkable, or laid out a ſingle ſhilling in a laudable manner, while they lived. If an *Apotheſis* were to be bought, how many rich rogues would be deified after their deaths! not a plumb in the city but would purchaſe this imaginary godſhip, as readily as he paid for his freedom at his firſt ſetting up; and I

doubt not but this fantaſtical diſtinction would be more frequent on an eſcutcheon, than a coronet.

THE diſpoſal of our fortunes by our laſt will ſhould be conſidered as the diſcharge of a ſacred truſt, which we ſhould endeavour to execute in a juſt manner; and as we have had the enjoyment of rich poſſeſſions, we ought carefully to provide, that they may devolve to thoſe, who have the moſt natural claim to them. They who may firſt demand our favour, are thoſe who are allied to us by the ties of blood: next to theſe, ſtand thoſe perſons to whom we are connected by friendſhip; and, next to our friends and relations, mankind in general. But the humanity of a teſtator will not be thought very extenſive, though it reaches to poſterity, or includes the poor in general, if it neglects the objects of charity immediately under his eye, or thoſe individuals, who have the beſt title to his benevolence. *Virgil* has placed thoſe rich men, who beſtowed none of their wealth on their relations, among the chief perſonages in his Hell. Wherefore I would adviſe my good correſpondent Mr. *Vainall* firſt to conſider, whether he has not ſome poor relation, ſtarving perhaps in ſome diſtant part of the kingdom; after that, let

let him look round, whether he has not ſome friends, whom he may poſſibly relieve from miſery and diſtreſs. But if he has no relation, nor any perſon in the world that has any regard for him, before he begins to endow a college, or found an hoſpital, I ſhould take it as a particular favour if he would leave his money to me, and will promiſe to immortalize his memory in the *Connoiſſeur*.

NUMB. CXXX. *Thurſday, July* 22, 1756.

— — Lyræ ſolers, et cantor. — — HOR.

Sweet Virtuoſa! *with what art ſhe ſings,*
With what a guſto *ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings!*

I HAVE juſt received the following letter from lady *Humkin*, the muſical conſort of my late correſpondent Sir *Aaron*. I ſhall not pretend to moderate in family-diſputes of ſo important a nature, but leave each party to ſpeak for themſelves.

Mr. TOWN,

PRAY hear both ſides fairly, before you judge; for (to uſe a vulgar expreſſion) one ſtory is good, 'till the other is told. I am, Sir, the unfortunate wife of that inelegant (I had

almoſt ſaid inſenſible) huſband, who, in your paper of the eighth inſtant, pronounces and publiſhes me to be mad, ſtark mad.

I CONFESS and glory in my paſſion for muſic: and can there be a nobler or a more generous one? My nerves are naturally ſtrung to harmony, and variouſly affected by the various combinations of the *Gamut*. Some ſtay in *Italy* added ſkill and taſte in compoſition to my natural happy diſpoſition to muſic; and the beſt judges, as well as the beſt performers in that country, allowed me to have an uncommon ſhare of *virtù*. I both compoſe and perform, Sir: and though I ſay it, perhaps few, even of the profeſſion, poſſeſs the *contra-punto* and the *cromatic* better; and I have had the unſpeakable pleaſure of hearing my compoſitions and my performances dignified in *Italy* with the unanimous appellations of *ſquiſito*, *divino*, and *adorevole*.

Is there any madneſs in this? Does not he better deſerve that imputation, whoſe breaſt is inſenſible and impenetrable to all the charms and powers of harmony? To be plain, I mean my huſband; whom I have frequently ſeen yawn, nay leave the room, in the middle of the moſt touching pathetic, ſung by the moſt affecting

Signora

Signora Mingotti, accompanied by the divine *Signor di Giardino*. And yet,—pardon this digreſſive tranſport,—how irreſiſtible is the expreſſion, the melody, the cadences, the *apogyraturas* of that incomparable *virtuoſa!* What energy, what delicacy, and what variety are in the inimitable compoſitions and execution of the charming *Signor di Giardino!* What an *arpeggio* he has, what a *ſtaccato*, what an *andante!* In ſhort, I may, I am ſure, with truth aſſert, that whether in the *allegro* or the *piana*, the *adagio*, the *largo*, or the *forte*, he never had his equal. Oh, Mr. TOWN, what an irretrievable loſs has this country ſuſtained! My good man, among his other qualifications, is a politician, you muſt know; and one of his principal objections againſt theſe *virtuoſi* is, that they are foreigners. He flew into a violent paſſion with me laſt Sunday night, becauſe I had a concert at my houſe, when (he ſaid) ſuch bad news were received from abroad. I know not what he, and other muddy headed politicians, may think: but let him talk what he will of THE *Blakeney*, THE Governor, THE Admiral, I am ſure the nation cannot ſuſtain a greater evil, than the loſs of THE *Mingotti*; who, as the public prints will inform you, "is gone to *Holland*, till her affairs "in *England* can be ſettled."

BUT however gothic my huſband may be, I am fully determined to diſcharge the duty of a good wife. Accordingly, whenever he comes into my room, I ſit down to my harpſichord, and ſing and play the moſt ſoothing pieces of muſic, in hopes ſome time or other of hitting his uniſon, but hitherto to no purpoſe; and, to ſay the truth, I fear he has not one harmonic nerve in his whole ſyſtem, though otherwiſe a man of good plain ſenſe. When he interrupts my performances (as in his letter he owns that he does) with wiſhing for the men from Mother *Midnight*'s, with their wooden ſpoons, ſalt-boxes, jews-harps, and broomſticks, to play in concert with me; I anſwer him with all the gentleneſs and calmneſs imaginable—"Indeed, my dear, "you have not the leaſt notion of theſe things. "It would be impoſſible to bring thoſe ridiculous "inſtruments into a concert, and to adapt a "thorough-baſs to them: they have not above "three notes at moſt, and thoſe cannot be "*ſoſtenute*."—"I wiſh for all that, anſwers he, "that they were here: I ſhould like them better "than all your *Signors* and *Signoras*; and I "am ſure they would coſt a great deal leſs."

THIS article of *expence* he often dwells upon, and ſometimes even with warmth; to which I reply,

I reply, with all the mildneſs that becomes a good wife, "My dear, you have a good fortune "of your own, and I brought you ſtill a better. "Of what uſe is money if not employed? "and how can it be better employed, than in "encouraging and rewarding diſtinguiſhed *guſto* "and merit? Theſe people whom you call "ballad-ſingers and pipers, are people of birth, "though for the moſt part of ſmall fortunes; "and they are much more conſidered, as you "know, in *Italy*, than all the greateſt ancient "*Roman* heroes, if revived, would now be. "They leave their own country, where they are "ſo infinitely eſteemed for their moral as well "as their muſical characters, and generouſly "ſacrifice all theſe advantages to our diverſion. "Beſides, my dear, what ſhould we do with "our money? Would you laviſh it away upon "foundling baſtards; lying-in women, who have "either no huſbands or too many; importunate "beggars, all whoſe cries and complaints are "the moſt ſhocking diſcords? Or, ſuppoſe that "we were to ſave our money, and leave our "children better fortunes, who knows but they "might, as too many do, ſquander them away "idly? whereas what we give to theſe *virtuoſi*, "we know, is given to merit. For my own "part, my dear, I have infinite pleaſure, when

"I can get any of them to accept of fifty or "an hundred guineas; which, by the way, "cannot always be brought about without ſome "art and contrivance; for they are moſt ex- "ceedingly nice and delicate upon the point "of honour, eſpecially in the article of money. "I look upon ſuch trifling preſents as a debt "due to ſuperior talents and merit; and I en- "deavour to inſinuate them in a way, that the "receiver may not bluſh."—Here my huſband breaks out into a violent paſſion, and ſays,—"Oons, madam, ſhew me a *virtuoſo* or a "*virtuoſa*, (as you call them) who ever bluſhed "in their lives, and I will give them the fee- "ſimple of my eſtate." You ſee, Mr. TOWN, what a ſtrange man he is, that he has no idea of elegance and *divertimenti*; and when he is ſo violently in *alt*, I will leave you to judge, who it is that is mad, ſtark mad.

IN ſhort, Sir, my huſband is inſenſible, untunable, to the moſt noble, generous, and ſtrongeſt of all human paſſions, a paſſion for muſic. That divine paſſion alone engroſſes the whole ſoul, and leaves no room for leſſer and vulgar cares; for you muſt certainly have obſerved, Mr. TOWN, that whoever has a paſſion for, and a thorough knowledge of, muſic, is fit for

for no one other thing. Thus truly informed of my caſe, I am ſure you will judge equitably between Sir *Aaron* and

Your very humble ſervant,

MARIA HUMKIN.

NUMB. CXXXI. *Thurſday, July* 29, 1756.

— — — — — — — — — Inter
Perfectos veterefque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? — — — HOR.

Here the wiſe Youth is deem'd a rev'rend Sage,
And ſhares the honours of grey hairs and Age:
Th' old Dotard here, whom childiſh paſſions rule,
Takes his due name, an Infant and a Fool.

NO other diſpoſition or turn of mind ſo totally unfits a man for all the ſocial offices of life, as Indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation: he ſeems made for no end, and lives to no purpoſe. He cannot engage himſelf in any employment or profeſſion, becauſe he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can ſucceed in no undertaking, for he will never perſue it: he

muſt be a bad huſband, father, and relation, for he will not take the leaſt pains to preſerve his wife, children, and family, from ſtarving and he muſt be a worthleſs friend, for he would not draw his hand from his boſom, though to prevent the deſtruction of the univerſe. If he is born poor, he will remain ſo all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt: and if he is a perſon of fortune, his ſtewards will acquire immenſe eſtates, and he himſelf perhaps will die in the *Fleet*.

It ſhould be conſidered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a ſtate of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which ſhould ſeem to intimate, that we ſhould labour to render ourſelves excellent. Very few are ſuch abſolute ideots, as not to be able to become at leaſt decent, if not eminent, in their ſeveral ſtations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any poſſeſſed of ſuch tranſcendant genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unneceſſary. Perſeverance will overcome difficulties, which at firſt appear inſuperable; and it is amazing to conſider, how great and numerous obſtacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point.

I will

I will not mention here the trite example of *Demoſthenes*, who got over the greateſt natural impediments to oratory, but content myſelf with a more modern and familiar inſtance. Being at *Sadler's Wells* a few nights ago, I could not but admire the ſurpriſing feats of activity there exhibited, and at the ſame time reflected, what incredible pains and labour it muſt have coſt the performers, to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into ſuch various and unnatural contortions. But I was moſt taken with the ingenious artiſt, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the ſame number to each hand, and, with great propriety, placing a cap and bells on his head, played ſeveral tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and *Bob Majors*, as the boys of *Chriſt-Church* Hoſpital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artiſt had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as *Jedediah Buxton*, or at leaſt a tolerable modern rhimer, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would uſe equal diligence, they might faſhion their minds as ſucceſsfully, as Madam *Catharina* diſtorts her body.

THERE

THERE is not in the world a more uſeleſs idle animal, than he who contents himſelf with being merely a Gentleman. He has an eſtate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no ſuch thing in nature as negative virtue, and that abſolute idleneſs is impracticable. He, who does no good, will certainly do miſchief; and the mind, if it is not ſtored with uſeful knowledge, will neceſſarily become a magazine of nonſenſe and trifles. Wherefore a Gentleman, though he is not obliged to riſe to open his ſhop, or work at his trade, ſhould always find ſome ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wiſdom, he will become more and more a ſlave to folly; and he that does nothing, becauſe he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or at beſt ridiculous and contemptible.

I DO not know a more melancholy object than a man of an honeſt heart and fine natural abilities, whoſe good qualities are thus deſtroyed by Indolence. Such a perſon is a conſtant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happineſs;

and

and ſuffers himſelf to rank among the loweſt characters, when he might render himſelf conſpicuous among the higheſt. Nobody is more univerſally beloved, and more univerſally avoided than my friend *Careleſs*. He is an humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man of unſhaken integrity, on whom it is impoſſible to depend. With the beſt head, and the beſt heart, he regulates his conduct in the moſt abſurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do juſtice to himſelf, muſt inevitably wrong thoſe with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himſelf.

VIRTUE then is not to be conſidered in the light of mere innocence, or abſtaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as *Titus*, when he had let a day ſlip, undiſtinguiſhed by ſome act of virtue, cried out, "I have loſt a day." If we regard our time in this light, how many days ſhall we look back upon as irretrieveably loſt? and to how narrow a compaſs would ſuch a method of calculation frequently reduce the longeſt life? If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occaſion

ſtrange

ſtrange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We ſhould ſee ſome few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with ſeveral young fellows of fourſcore.

AGREEABLE to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man, four years old; dating his exiſtence from the time of his reformation from evil courſes. The inſcriptions on moſt tomb-ſtones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the perſons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have thoſe people, whoſe lives have been uſeleſs, rendered of ſome ſervice after their deaths, by affording leſſons of inſtruction and morality to thoſe they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wiſh, that, in every pariſh, ſeveral acres were marked out for a new and ſpacious Burying-Ground: in which every perſon, whoſe remains are there depoſited, ſhould have a ſmall ſtone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abuſed the time allotted them in their lives. In ſuch circumſtances, the plate on a coffin might be the

higheſt panegyric which the deceaſed could receive; and a little ſquare ſtone, inſcribed with *Ob. Ann. Ætat.* 80, would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs. In a Burying-Ground of this nature, allowing for the partiality of ſurvivors, which would certainly point out the moſt brilliant actions of their dead friends, we might perhaps ſee ſome inſcriptions, not much unlike the following.

Here lie the remains of a celebrated Beauty, aged 50, who died in her fifth year. She was born in her eighteenth year, and was untimely killed by the ſmall-pox in her twenty-third.

Here reſt, in eternal ſleep, the mortal part of *L. B.* a Freethinker, aged 88, an Infant. He came into the world by chance in the year ——, and was *annihilated* in the firſt year of his age.

Here continue to rot the bones of a noted Buck, an embryo, which never ſhewed any ſigns of life; but after twenty-three years was ſo totally putrified, that it could not be kept above ground any longer.

Here

Here lies the ſwoln carcaſe of a Boon Companion, who was born in a dropſy in his 40th year. He lingered in this condition, till he was obliged to be tapped; when he relapſed into his former condition, and died in the ſecond year of his age, and twenty-third of his drinking.

Here lies *Iſaac Da Coſta*, a convert from Judaiſm, aged 64. He was born and chriſtened in his ſixty-firſt year, and died in the true Faith in third year of his age.

Here is depoſited the body of the celebrated Beau *Tawdry*, who was born at court in the year ——, on a *Birthnight*, and died of grief in his ſecond year, upon the court's going into mourning.

NUMB. CXXXII. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 5, 1756.

Odi profanum Vulgus et arceo. HOR.

I hate the Vulgar, nor will condeſcend
To call a foul-mouth'd handicraftſman friend.

I KNOW not any greater misfortune, that can happen to a young fellow, at his firſt ſetting out in life, than his falling into Low Company. He that ſinks to a familiarity with perſons much below his own level, will be conſtantly weighed down by his baſe connections; and, though he may eaſily plunge ſtill lower, he will find it almoſt impoſſible ever to riſe again. He will alſo inevitably contract a mean air, and an illiberal diſpoſition; and you can no more give him an ingenuous turn of mind, by a ſudden introduction to genteel company, than you can make an apprentice a fine gentleman, by dreſſing him in embroidery: though experience teaches us, that the mind is, unhappily, ſooner diſtorted than reformed; and a gentleman will as readily catch the manners of the vulgar, by mixing with ſuch mean aſſociates, as he would daub his cloaths with ſoot, by running againſt a chimney-ſweeper.

A PROPENSITY

A PROPENSITY to low company is owing, either to an original meanneſs of ſpirit, a want of education, or an ill-placed pride, commonly ariſing from both the fore-mentioned cauſes. Thoſe, who are naturally of a groveling diſpoſition, ſhew it even at ſchool, by chuſing their playfellows from the ſcum of the claſs; and are never ſo happy, as when they can ſteal down to romp with the ſervants in the kitchen. They have no emulation in them: they entertain none of that decent pride, which is ſo eſſential a requiſite in all characters; and the total abſence of which, in a boy, is a certain indication that his riper age will be contemptible. I remember a young fellow of this caſt, who, by his early attachment to Low Company, gave up all the advantages of a good family and ample fortune. He not only loſt all his natural intereſt in the county, where his eſtate was ſituated, but was not honoured with the acquaintance of one gentleman in it. He lived, indeed, chiefly in town, and at an expence ſufficient to have maintained him among thoſe of the firſt rank; but he was ſo perpetually ſurrounded with men of the loweſt character, that people of faſhion, or even thoſe of a much inferior fortune, would have thought it infamous to be ſeen with him. All the while, he was reckoned, by his aſſociates, to be a

mighty

mighty good-natured gentleman, and without the leaſt bit of pride in him.

It is one of the greateſt advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous ſpirit, and cultivates a liberal diſpoſition. We do not wonder, that a lad who has never been ſent to ſchool, and whoſe faculties have been ſuffered to ruſt at the hall-houſe, ſhould form too cloſe an intimacy with his beſt friends, the groom and the game-keeper; but it would amaze us to ſee a boy, well educated, cheriſh this ill-placed pride of being, as it is called, the head of the company. A perſon of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being diſtinguiſhed by the title of The Gentleman: while he is unwilling to aſſociate with men of faſhion, leſt they ſhould be his ſuperiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, leſt they ſhould excel him in abilities. Sometimes, indeed, it happens, that a perſon of genius and learning will ſtoop to receive the incenſe of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-houſe or cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a brothel in the very fact, of reading his verſes to the good old mother and a circle of her daughters.

THERE are ſome few, who have been led into Low Company, merely from an affectation of Humour; and, from a deſire of ſeeing the droller ſcenes of life, have deſcended to aſſociate with the meaneſt of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and alleys. The moſt ſtriking inſtance I know of this low paſſion for drollery is *Toby Bumper*, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himſelf; and is now become almoſt as low a character, as any of thoſe whom he has choſen for his companions. *Toby* will drink purl in a morning, ſmoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat Black-puddings at *Bartholomew Fair*, for the humour of the thing. He has alſo ſtudied, and practiſes, all the plebeian arts and exerciſes, under the beſt maſters; and has diſgraced himſelf with every impolite accompliſhment. He has had many a ſet-to with *Buckhorſe*; and has now and then had the honour of receiving a fall from the great *Broughton* himſelf. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachmen, as a brother whip: at the noble game of priſon-bars, he is a match even for the natives of *Eſſex* or *Cheſhire*; and he is frequently engaged in the Artillery ground with *Faulkner* and *Dingate* at cricket,

and

and is himſelf eſteemed as good at *Bat* as either of the *Bennets*. Another of *Toby*'s favourite amuſement is, to attend the executions at *Tyburn*; and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when *Toby* carried his regard to his deceaſed friend ſo far, as to get himſelf knocked down in endeavouring to reſcue the body from the ſurgeons.

As *Toby* affects to mimic, in every particular, the air and manners of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his converſation with their emphatic oaths, and expreſſive dialect; which recommend him as a man of excellent humour and *high fun*, among the Choice Spirits at *Comus*'s Court, or at the meetings of the *Sons of ſound ſenſe and ſatisfaction*. He is alſo particularly famous for ſinging thoſe cant ſongs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of ſharpers and pickpockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by ſcrewing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. Theſe and other like accompliſhments frequently promote him to the chair in theſe facetious Societies.

TOBY has indulged the ſame notions of Humour even in his amours; and is well known

to

to every ſtreet-walker between *Charing-Croſs* and *Cheapſide*. This has given ſeveral ſhocks to his conſtitution, and often involved him in unlucky ſcrapes. He has been frequently bruiſed, beaten, and kicked, by the bullies of *Wapping* and *Fleet-ditch*; and was once ſoundly drubbed by a ſoldier, for engaging with his trull, in St. *James*'s Park. The laſt time I ſaw him, he was laid up with two black eyes and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight ſkirmiſh, about a miſtreſs, in a night-cellar.

NUMB. CXXXIII. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 12, 1756.

Sex horas ſomno, totidem des legibus æquis;
Quatuor orabis, des epuliſque duas.
Quod ſupereſt, ultro ſacris largire Camænis.*

Co. LITT.

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR, *Middle Temple.*

IF we look into the ſeveral inns of court, the profeſſed ſtudents of the law compoſe a very numerous body: but if we afterwards turn our eyes

* See the tranſlation in the body of the paper.

eyes on thoſe few, who are employed in exerciſing their talents in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, this prodigious army of lawyers ſhrinks to a very thin and inconſiderable corps. Thouſands, it ſeems, are diſguſted with the unpleaſing dryneſs of the ſtudy, as it is now managed, and conceive an unconquerable averſion to the white leaves and the old black letter. This early diſlike to legal inquiries certainly proceeds from the fatal miſtakes in the plan of ſtudy hitherto recommended. According to all ſyſtems now extant, it is abſolutely impoſſible to be at once a lawyer and a fine gentleman. Seeing with concern the many evils ariſing from theſe erroneous principles, I have at length deviſed a method to remedy all theſe inconveniences; a method, now very ſucceſsfully practiſed by ſeveral young gentlemen. Wherefore I muſt beg leave to ſubmit my thoughts to the public by means of your paper, and to chalk out the out-lines of a treatiſe, now ready for the preſs, intitled *The Complete Barriſter*, or, *A New Inſtitute of the Laws of England.*

My Lord *Coke* preſcribes to our ſtudent to follow the advice given in the ancient verſes, prefixed to this letter, for the good ſpending of the day: "Six hours to ſleep, ſix to the ſtudy

" of the law, four to prayer, two to meals, " and the reſt to the Muſes." But what an abſurd and unfaſhionable diſtribution of the four-and-twenty hours! I will venture a thouſand pounds to a ſhilling, that not one ſtudent in the kingdom divides his time in this manner. Here is not a ſingle word of *Vauxhall*, *Ranelagh*, the theatres, or other public diverſions; not to mention, that nobody but a methodiſt would ever think of praying four hours; and that it would be impoſſible, though we were content with ſnapping up a chop every day at *Betty*'s, to diſpatch even dinner in two. How then ſhall we reconcile theſe precepts, ſcarce practicable by an hermit, to the life of a young gentleman, who keeps the beſt company; or how can theſe rules for ſevere application be made conſiſtent with the practice of thoſe, who divide their whole time between eating, drinking, ſleeping, and amuſements? Well knowing that the volatile diſpoſitions of the young gentlemen of the preſent age can never ſubmit the ordering of their lives to any preſcribed rules, I have endeavoured to ſquare my precepts to their lives; and have ſo contrived the matter, that amidſt the keeneſt perſuit of their pleaſures, they ſhall be engaged in the moſt improving courſe of the law.

As

As laws are chiefly nothing elſe but rules of action, what can be more cruel and abſurd, than to coup up a briſk young man, to learn, in his chambers, what he can ſo much better teach himſelf by going abroad into the world? I propoſe to doſe gentlemen with ſtudy, as Dr. *Rock* does with phyſic, to be taken at home or abroad, without loſs of time or hindrance of buſineſs. This, I am convinced, is not only the beſt method, but alſo the only ſcheme which ſeveral inhabitants of the inns of court would ever follow. I ſhall not at preſent foreſtall the contents of my treatiſe, by preſenting you with a dry abſtract of it, but rather endeavour to give you an indea of the ſpirit and manner in which it is written, by delineating the plan diligently perſued by one of my favourite pupils: and I cannot but congratulate the bar, that ſo many young men, inſtead of blinding their eyes and bewildering their underſtandings with *Coke*, *Plowden*, *Salkeld*, &c. have ſenſe enough to follow the ſame courſe of ſtudy.

Tom Riot, the principal ornament of my claſs of ſtudents, was ſent to the *Temple*, not with any intention that he ſhould become a great lawyer, but merely becauſe, for a few years, his father did not know how to diſpoſe

of him otherwiſe: but ſo unwearied has been his application to the new method, that his father and the reſt of his friends will, I doubt not, be ſurpriſed at his wonderful proficiency. As nothing is of more conſequence to thoſe gentlemen, who intend to harangue at the bar, than the acquiring a ready elocution, and an eaſy habit of delivering their thoughts in public, to this I paid particular attention. For this purpoſe, I adviſed him to a diligent attendance on the theatres; and I aſſure you, Mr. TOWN, he never fails to take notes at a new play, and ſeldom or never miſſes appearing at one houſe or the other, in the green boxes. He has alſo gathered many beautiful flowers of rhetoric, unblown upon by all other orators ancient or modern, from the *Robin Hood* Society; and at the ſame place he has collected the ſtrongeſt arguments on every ſubject, and habituated himſelf to modes of reaſoning never hitherto introduced into courts of juſtice. But what has been of more than ordinary ſervice to him, and is particularly recommended by Lord *Coke* himſelf, who calls "conference the life of "ſtudy," is his ſo frequent attendance at *George's*, and the other coffee-houſes about the *Temple*, where every ſtudent has ſo many opportunities of benefiting himſelf by daily converſation with counſellors,

counſellors, attornies, clerks to attornies, and other ſages of the law.

THE law is intended to take cognizance of all our actions; wherefore my pupil, who is fond of exerting his faculties in polite life, has already digeſted almoſt all the grand leading points of the law into a journal of his tranſactions, which I ſhall lay before my readers at large in my treatiſe, as the beſt method for a common-place-book. Thus, for inſtance, having been frequently employed, after leaving the *Shakeſpeare*, in what is called *beating the rounds*, it has happened to him to be taken into cuſtody by the magiſtrate of the night, and carried the next morning before a juſtice; by which means he has attained as full a knowledge of certain parts of the duty of a conſtable and juſtice of peace, as could be collected from *Dalton*, *Blackerby*, or *Burn*. Certain impertinences of his taylor and other tradeſmen have given him a very clear notion of the laws of arreſt, and been of as much ſervice to him as the beſt treatiſes on bail and mainprize. Beſides which, the ſeveral ſums of money which he has taken up at different times, payable on his father's death, have opened to him ſome difficult points in conveyancing, by teaching him

the nature of bonds, deeds, &c. and have at the ſame time ſhewn him what Lord *Coke* calls "the amiable and admirable ſecrets of the "common law," by unravelling to him the intricate doctrines of reverſion and remainder, as well as the general nature of eſtates. Thus he is continually improving; and whenever he ſhall happen to commit a rape, or a genteel murder, it will ſerve him for matter of inſtruction, as well as any hiſtory of the pleas of the crown, and give him an inſight into the nature of the practice and extent of the juriſdiction of our courts of juſtice.

By this plan of ſtudy no time is loſt; ſo that, while other ſtudents are idling away their vacation in the country, my pupil is daily improving there. As he is a member of the aſſociation, he is very converſant in all the laws enacted for the preſervation of the game; and he picks up all the learning of the circuit, by dancing at the Balls at the aſſizes. As his father has a place, he is employed in canvaſſing for votes at the time of an election, which inſtructs him in all the points of law touching thoſe matters. He was principally concerned in diſcovering the *Cuſtomary Tenants*, that new ſpecies of freeholders unknown to *Littleton*, *Coke*, and all the lawyers

lawyers of antiquity: and he is ſo intimately acquainted with all the doctrine contained in the ſeveral clauſes of the bribery act, that I propoſe publiſhing in the body of my treatiſe *Les Readings Del Mon Seignior* RIOT *Sur L'Eſtatute de* 2 *Geo.* II. &c.

BY this time, Mr. TOWN, you muſt perceive, that the ground of my ſcheme is, in ſhort, no more than this, *viz.* that the ſtudent ſhould regard his life as a kind of commentary on the law, as it is recommended to the clergy to become examples of the doctrine they teach. Or, to bring my illuſtration more home to theſe gentlemen, let them learn the law by being occaſionally intereſted in different parts of it; as they become in ſome meaſure doctors of phyſic from frequent need of it, and can cure themſelves, in certain caſes, as well as *Rock* himſelf. Inſtead of poring over books, a gentleman need only obſerve, how far the law and his actions tally with each other; and as it is ſaid by Lord *Coke*, "that the knowledge of the law is like a deep "well, out of which each man draweth accord-"ing to the ſtrength of his underſtanding," ſo, in purſuance of my plan, the ſtudent will improve according to the eagerneſs with which he engages in his pleaſures: and this, no doubt,

was intended by Lord *Coke*, as it is the moſt obvious interpretation of his words, when he concludes the compariſon by ſaying, that "when the profeſſor of the law can dive into "the depth, it is *delightful*, *eaſy*, and *without* "*any heavy burthen*, ſo long as he keeps himſelf "*in his own proper element*."

WHAT plan, Mr. TOWN, can be more *delightful*, *eaſy*, and *without any heavy burthen*, than Inſtitutes of this nature? I have indeed often looked with concern upon thoſe unhappy gentlemen, who have impaired their health by the old method of ſtudy, and conſidered them as martyrs to huge volumes of reports and ſtatutes at large: my pupils will be in no danger of theſe misfortunes. It is recorded of an eminent counſellor, of the *North* family, (who, being one of the ableſt practitioners at the bar, was overloaded with buſineſs,) that ſometimes chuſing to retire a while from hurry and perplexity, he would ſay to his clerk, "Tell the people "I do not practiſe this term." This proper relaxation I always recommend to my pupils, and have ſome reaſon to think they are prudent enough to embrace it; for, as I am acquainted with ſeveral ſtudents on the new plan, and do not remember to have ſeen them doing any buſineſs

buſineſs in the courts for ſome time, I ſuppoſe they had given notice to their clerks "to tell "the people that they did not practiſe in thoſe "terms."

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

IGNORAMUS.

W

NUMB. CXXXIV. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 19, 1756.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris
Ædeſque labentes Deorum, et
Fœda nigro ſimulacra fumo. HOR.

The tott'ring tow'r, and mould'ring walls repair,
And fill with decency the houſe of pray'r:
Quick to the needy curate bring relief,
And deck the pariſh-church without a brief.

Mr. *VILLAGE* to Mr. *TOWN*.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE country at preſent, no leſs than the metropolis, abounding with politicians of every kind, I begun to deſpair of picking up any intelligence, that might poſſibly be entertaining

to your readers. However, I have lately viſited ſome of the moſt diſtant parts of the kingdom with a clergyman of my acquaintance: I ſhall not trouble you with an account of the improvements that have been made in the ſeats we ſaw according to the modern taſte, but proceed to give you ſome reflections, which occurred to us on obſerving ſeveral country churches, and the behaviour of their congregations.

THE ruinous condition of ſome of theſe edifices, gave me great offence; and I could not help wiſhing, that the honeſt vicar, inſtead of indulging his genius for improvements, by incloſing his gooſeberry-buſhes within a *Chineſe* rail, and converting half an acre of his glebe-land into a bowling-green, would have applied part of his income to the more laudable purpoſe, of ſheltering his pariſhioners from the weather, during their attendance on divine ſervice. It is no uncommon thing to ſee the parſonage-houſe well thatched, and in exceeding good repair, while the church perhaps has ſcarce any other roof than the ivy that grows over it. The noiſe of owls, bats, and magpies, makes a principal part of the church-muſic in many of theſe ancient edifices; and the walls, like a large map, ſeem to be portioned out into capes, ſeas, and promontories, by

by the various colours with which the damps have ſtained them. Sometimes, the foundation being too weak to ſupport the ſteeple any longer, it has been found expedient to pull down that part of the building, and to hang the bells under a wooden ſhed on the ground beſide it. This is the caſe in a pariſh in *Norfolk*, through which I lately paſſed, and where the clerk and the ſexton, like the two figures at St. *Dunſtan*'s, ſerve the bells in capacity of clappers, by ſtriking them alternately with an hammer.

In other churches I have obſerved, that nothing unſeemly or ruinous is to be found, except in the clergyman, and the appendages of his perſon. The 'ſquire of the pariſh, or his anceſtors perhaps, to teſtify their devotion, and leave a laſting monument of their magnificence, have adorned the altar-piece with the richeſt crimſon velvet, embroidered with vine-leaves and ears of wheat; and have dreſſed up the pulpit with the ſame ſplendor and expence; while the gentleman, who fills it, is exalted, in the midſt of all this finery, with a ſurplice as dirty as a farmer's frock, and a periwig that ſeems to have transferred it's faculty of curling to the band, which appears in full buckle beneath it.

BUT if I was concerned to ſee ſeveral diſtreſſed paſtors, as well as many of our country churches in a tottering condition, I was more offended with the indecency of worſhip in others. I could wiſh that the clergy would inform their congregations, that there is no occaſion to ſcream themſelves hoarſe in making the reſponſes; that the town-crier is not the only perſon qualified to pray with due devotion; and that he who bauls the loudeſt may, nevertheleſs, be the wickedeſt fellow in the pariſh. The old women too in the aile might be told, that their time would be better employed in attending to the ſermon, than in fumbling over their tattered teſtaments 'till they have found the text; by which time the diſcourſe is near drawing to a concluſion: while a word or two of inſtruction might not be thrown away upon the younger part of the congregation, to teach them that making poſies in ſummer time, and cracking nuts in autumn, is no part of the religious ceremony.

THE good old practice of pſalm-ſinging is, indeed, wonderfully improved in many country churches ſince the days of *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*; and there is ſcarce a pariſh-clerk, who has ſo little taſte as not to pick his ſtaves out of the

New

New Verſion. This has occaſioned great complaints in ſome places, where the clerk has been forced to bawl by himſelf, becauſe the reſt of the congregation cannot find the pſalm at the end of their prayer-books; while others are highly diſguſted at the innovation, and ſtick as obſtinately to the Old Verſion as to the Old Stile. The tunes themſelves have alſo been new-ſet to jiggiſh meaſures; and the ſober drawl, which uſed to accompany the two firſt ſtaves of the hundredth pſalm with the *gloria patri*, is now ſplit into as many quavers as an *Italian* air. For this purpoſe there is in every county an itinerant band of vocal muſicians, who make it their buſineſs to go round to all the churches in their turns, and, after a prelude with the pitch-pipe, aſtoniſh the audience with hymns ſet to the new *Wincheſter* meaſure, and anthems of their own compoſing. As theſe new-faſhioned pſalmodiſts are neceſſarily made up of young men and maids, we may naturally ſuppoſe, that there is a perfect concord and ſymphony between them: and, indeed, I have known it happen, that theſe ſweet ſingers have more than once been brought into diſgrace, by too cloſe an uniſon between the thorough-baſs and the treble.

IT is a difficult matter to decide, which is looked upon as the greateſt man in a country church, the parſon or his clerk. The latter is moſt certainly held in higher veneration, where the former happens to be only a poor curate, who rides poſt every ſabbath from village to village, and mounts and diſmounts at the church-door. The clerk's office is not only to tag the prayers with an *Amen*, or uſher in the ſermon with a ſtave; but he is alſo the univerſal father to give away the brides, and the ſtanding god-father to all the new-born bantlings. But in many places there is a ſtill greater man belonging to the church, than either the parſon or the clerk himſelf. The perſon I mean is the 'Squire; who, like the King, may be ſtiled Head of the Church in his own pariſh. If the benefice be in his own gift, the vicar is his creature, and of conſequence intirely at his devotion: or, if the care of the church be left to a curate, the Sunday fees of roaſt beef and plumb pudding, and a liberty to ſhoot in the manor, will bring him as much under the 'Squire's command as his dogs and horſes. For this reaſon the bell is often kept tolling, and the people waiting in the church yard, an hour longer than the uſual time; nor muſt the ſervice begin 'till the 'Squire has ſtrutted up the aile,

and

and ſeated himſelf in the great pew in the chancel. The length of the ſermon is alſo meaſured by the will of the 'Squire, as formerly by the hour-glaſs: and I know one pariſh, where the preacher has always the complaiſance to conclude his diſcourſe, however abruptly, the minute that the 'Squire gives the ſignal, by riſing up after his nap.

In a village church, the 'Squire's lady or the vicar's wife are perhaps the only females, that are ſtared at for their finery: but in the larger cities and towns, where the neweſt faſhions are brought down weekly by the ſtage-coach or waggon, all the wives and daughters of the moſt topping tradeſmen vie with each other every Sunday in the elegance of their apparel. I could even trace their gradations in their dreſs, according to the opulence, the extent, and the diſtance of the place from *London*. I was at church in a populous city in the North, where the mace-bearer cleared the way for Mrs. Mayoreſs, who came ſidling after him in an enormous fan-hoop, of a pattern which had never been ſeen before in thoſe parts. At another church, in a corporation town, I ſaw ſeveral Negligees, with fur-belowed aprons, which had long diſputed the prize of ſuperiority: but theſe were moſt woefully eclipſed by a burgeſs's daughter, juſt come from

from *London*, who appeared in a Trolloppe or Slammerkin, with treble ruffles to the cuffs, pinked and gymped, and the ſides of the petticoat drawn up in feſtoons. In ſome leſſer borough towns, the conteſt, I found, lay between three or four black and green bibs and aprons: at one, a grocer's wife attracted our eyes, by a new-faſhioned cap, called a Joan; and, at another, they were wholly taken up by a mercer's daughter, in a Nun's Hood.

I NEED not ſay any thing of the behaviour of the congregations in theſe more polite places of religious reſort; as the ſame genteel ceremonies are practiſed there, as at the moſt faſhionable churches in town. The ladies, immediately on their entrance, breathe a pious ejaculation through their fan-ſticks, and the beaux very gravely addreſs themſelves to the Haberdaſhers Bills, glewed upon the linings of their hats. This pious duty is no ſooner performed, than the exerciſe of bowing and curtſying ſucceeds: the locking and unlocking of the pews drowns the reader's voice at the beginning of the ſervice; and the ruſtling of ſilks, added to the whiſpering and tittering of ſo much good company, renders him totally unintelligible to the very end of it.

T I am, dear Couſin, yours, &c.

NUMB. CXXXV. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 26, 1756.

Vos ſapere, et ſolos aio benè vivere, quorum
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia Villis.
HOR.

O Cit thrice happy, that canſt range
To Bow *or* Clapham *from the* 'Change;
In whoſe ſpruce Villa *is diſplay'd*
The plumb, thou haſt acquir'd by trade!

I AM ſorry to have provoked the reſentment of many of our preſent poets by rejecting their compoſitions; which, as they abounded in high-flown metaphors and compound epithets, were, I feared, too ſublime for my humble province of plain proſe. I have found, that the ſame poetical genius, which could ſoar to an Ode, can be whetted to a moſt cutting Satire againſt me and my works: and one in particular has poured forth his whole wrath upon me in an *Acroſtic*. But I need not offer any apology for laying the following verſes before the public, which may be conſidered as a ſupplement to a former paper on the like ſubject. The eaſy elegance, which runs through the whole, will readily diſtinguiſh them to come from the ſame hand,

hand, that has more than once obliged us in the courſe of this undertaking.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wiſhes for the rural ſhade,
And buckles to his one-horſe chair,
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in cloſely by his ſide
Sits Madam, his unweildy bride,
With *Jacky* on a ſtool before 'em;
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce paſt the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country ſeems to ſmile!
And as they ſlowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry houſe ſhe ſees;
Admires it's views, it's ſituation;
And thus ſhe opens her oration.

" What ſignify the loads of wealth,
" Without that richeſt jewel, health?
" Excuſe the fondneſs of a wife,
" Who doats upon your precious life!
" Such ceaſeleſs toil, ſuch conſtant care,
" Is more than human ſtrength can bear:
" One may obſerve it in your face —
" Indeed, my dear, you break apace:

" And

" And nothing can your health repair,
" But exerciſe and country air.
" Sir *Traffick* has an houſe, you know,
" About a mile from *Cheney-Row*:
" He's a *good* man, indeed, 'tis true;
" But not ſo *warm*, my dear, as you:
" And folks are always apt to ſneer —
" One would not be outdone, my dear."

SIR *Traffick*'s name, ſo well apply'd,
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride:
And *Thrifty*, who had all his life
Paid utmoſt def'rence to his wife,
Confeſs'd, her arguments had reaſon;
And, by th' approaching ſummer ſeaſon,
Draws a few hundreds from the ſtocks,
And purchaſes his Country Box.

SOME three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And ſo convenient does it lay,
The ſtages paſs it ev'ry day:
And then ſo ſnug, ſo mighty pretty,
To have an houſe ſo near the city!
Take but your places at the *Boar*,
You're ſet down at the very door.

WELL

WELL then, ſuppoſe them fix'd at laſt,
White-waſhing, painting, ſcrubbing paſt;
Hugging themſelves in eaſe and clover,
With all the fuſs of moving over:
Lo! a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.
" Well! to be ſure, it muſt be own'd,
" It is a charming ſpot of ground:
" So ſweet a diſtance for a ride,
" And all about ſo *countryfy'd!*
" 'Twould come to but a trifling price,
" To make it quite a paradiſe.
" I cannot bear thoſe naſty rails,
" Thoſe ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
" Suppoſe, my dear, inſtead of theſe,
" We build a railing all *Chineſe*.
" Although one hates to be expos'd,
" 'Tis diſmal to be thus inclos'd:
" One hardly any object ſees —
" I wiſh you'd fell thoſe odious trees.
" Objects continual paſſing by
" Were ſomething to amuſe the eye:
" But to be pent within the walls —
" One might as well be at St. *Paul*'s.
" Our houſe beholders would adore,
" Was there a level lawn before;
" Nothing it's views to incommode,
" But quite laid open to the road:

" While

" While ev'ry trav'ler, in amaze,
" Should on our little manſion gaze,
" And, pointing to the choice retreat,
" Cry, that's Sir *Thrifty's* Country Seat."

No doubt, her arguments prevail;
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

BLEST age! when all men may procure
The title of a *Connoiſſeur*;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a ſingle word;
Though like the royal *German* dames,
It bears an hundred Chriſtian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, *Goût*,
Whim, Caprice, *Je-ne-ſcai-quoi*, *Virtù*:
Which appellations all deſcribe
TASTE, and the modern *taſteful* tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With *Chineſe* artiſts and deſigners,
Produce their ſchemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The uſeful dome, which ſecret ſtood
Emboſom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement ſees
A Temple, *Gothic* or *Chineſe*,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And creſted with a ſprawling dragon.

A wooden

A wooden arch is bent aſtride
A ditch of water four feet wide;
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From *Halfpenny*'s exact deſigns.
In front a level lawn is ſeen,
Without a ſhrub upon the green;
Where Taſte would want it's firſt great law,
But for the ſkulking fly *Ha-Ha*;
By whoſe miraculous aſſiſtance
You gain a proſpect two fields diſtance.
And now from *Hyde-Park Corner* come
The Gods of *Athens* and of *Rome*:
Here ſquabby *Cupids* take their places,
With *Venus* and the clumſy *Graces*;
Apollo there, with aim ſo clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe *Mercury*.

The *Villa* thus completely grac'd,
All own, that *Thrifty* has a Taſte:
And Madam's female friends and couſins,
With Common-Council-Men by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the Seat,
To ſtare about them, and to eat.

NUMB. CXXXVI. *Thurſday, Sept.* 2, 1756.

— — Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit. MART.

To paint mankind, our ſole pretence;
And all our wiſdom, common ſenſe.

WE, whoſe buſineſs it is to write looſe eſſays, and who never talk above a quarter of an hour together on any one ſubject, are not expected to enter into philoſophical diſquiſitions, or engage in abſtract ſpeculations: but it is ſuppoſed to be our principal aim to amuſe and inſtruct the reader, by a lively repreſentation of what paſſes round about him. Thus, like thoſe painters, who delineate the ſcenes of familiar life, we ſometimes give a ſketch of a Marriage *à-là-mode*, ſometimes draw the outlines of a Modern Midnight converſation, at another time paint the comical diſtreſſes of itinerant Tragedians in a barn, and at another give a full draught of the Rake's or Harlot's progreſs. Sometimes we divert the public by exhibiting ſingle portraits; and when we meet with a ſubject, where the features are ſtrongly marked by nature, and there is ſomething peculiarly characteriſtic in the whole manner,

we

we employ ourſelves in drawing the piece at full length. In a word, we conſider all mankind as ſitting for their pictures, and endeavour to work up our pieces with lively traits, and embelliſh them with beautiful colouring; and though perhaps they are not always highly finiſhed, yet they ſeldom fail of pleaſing ſome few, at leaſt, of the vaſt multitude of Critics and *Connoiſſeurs*, if we are ſo happy as to hit off a ſtriking likeneſs.

THERE is perhaps no knowledge more requiſite, and certainly none at preſent more ardently ſought after, than the Knowledge of the World. In this ſcience we are more particularly expected to be adepts, as well as to ininiate, or at leaſt improve our readers in it. And though this knowledge cannot be collected together from books, yet (as *Pope* ſays) "Men may be read, "as well as books, too much;" and it is to be lamented, that many, who have only conſulted the volume of life, as it lay open before them, have rather become worſe, than better, by their ſtudies. They, who have lived wholly in the world without regarding the comments on it, are generally tainted with all it's vices; to which the gathering part of their inſtructions from books would perhaps have proved an antidote.

There,

There, indeed, though they would have ſeen the faults and foibles of mankind fairly repreſented, yet vice would appear in an odious, and virtue in an amiable, light: but thoſe, who unwarned go abroad into the world, are often dazzled by the ſplendor, with which wealth gilds vice and infamy; and, being accuſtomed to ſee barefoot honeſty treated with ſcorn, are themſelves induced to conſider it as contemptible. For this reaſon, I am a good deal offended at the ingenious contrivance of our modern noveliſts and writers of comedy, who often gloſs over a villainous character with the ſame falſe varniſh, that lackers ſo many ſcoundrels in real life; and while they are exhibiting a fellow, who debauches your daughter, or lies with your wife, repreſent him as an agreeable creature, a man of gallantry, and a fine gentleman.

THE world, even the gayeſt part of it, may be painted like itſelf, and yet become a leſſon of inſtruction. The pieces of *Hogarth* (to recur to the illuſtration I firſt made uſe of) are faithful delineations of certain ſcenes of life, and yet vice and folly always appear odious and contemptible. I could wiſh it were poſſible to learn the Knowledge of the World, without being "hackneyed in the ways of men:" but as that

is impracticable, it is ſtill our duty ſo to live in it, as to avoid being corrupted by our intercourſe with mankind. We ſhould endeavour to guard againſt fraud, without becoming ourſelves deceitful; and to ſee every ſpecies of vice and folly practiſed round about us, without growing knaves and fools. The villany of others is but a poor excuſe for the loſs of our own integrity: and though, indeed, if I am attacked on *Hounſlow-Heath*, I may lawfully kill the highwayman in my own defence; yet I ſhould be very deſervedly brought to the gallows, if I took a purſe from the next perſon I met, becauſe I had been robbed myſelf.

THE Knowledge of the World, as it is generally uſed and underſtood, conſiſts not ſo much in a due reflection on it's vices and follies, as in the practice of them; and thoſe, who conſider themſelves as beſt acquainted with it, are either the dupes of faſhion, or ſlaves of intereſt. It is alſo ſuppoſed to lie within the narrow compaſs of every man's own ſphere of life, and receives a different interpretation in different ſtations. Thus, for inſtance, the man of faſhion ſeeks it no where but in the polite circle of the *beau-monde*; while the man of buſineſs looks no farther for it than the *Alley*.

I ſhall

I ſhall beg leave to illuſtrate this, by concluding my paper with a deſcription of two characters; each of whom, though diametrically oppoſite to the other, has acquired a thorough Knowledge of the World.

Sir *Harry Flaſh* had the good luck to be born before his brother *Richard*: conſequently, the heir to the eſtate was bred a gentleman, and the other condemned to plod in the dull drudgery of buſineſs. The merchant was ſent to learn accompts at the Academy upon *Tower-Hill*, and the baronet had the finiſhing of his education in *France*. Sir *Harry* is now a moſt accompliſhed fine gentleman, is an excellent judge of faſhions, and can calculate the odds at any game, as readily as *Hoyle* or *Demoivre*: the Alderman is the moſt knowing man upon *'Change*, and underſtands the riſe and fall of Stocks better than any *Jew*. Both of them know the world; but with this difference, that one by his conſummate knowledge has run out a large eſtate, while the other has raiſed a plumb by it.

O

NUMB. CXXXVII. *Thurſday, Sept.* 9, 1756.

Hunc comedendum et deridendum vobis propino.
TER.

To all his gueſts a joke, the glutton lord
Seems the Jack-pudding *of his own rich board.*

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

"WHAT cloying meat is love, when "matrimony is the ſauce to it!" ſays Sir *John Brute*. But if he had been married to ſuch an *Epicurean* conſort as I am joined with, thoſe expreſſions, that ſavour of the kitchen, would have been real, inſtead of metaphorical. We live in a land really flowing with milk and honey, and keep an houſe of entertainment for all comers and goers. We hardly ever ſit down to table leſs in number than twenty or thirty, and very often to above double that number of diſhes. In ſhort, Sir, ſo much feaſting has given me a ſurfeit.

THERE are, I ſee, ſcattered up and down your papers, ſeveral accounts of the petty diſtreſſes and

and domeſtic concerns of private families. As you have liſtened to many complaints from huſbands, I flatter myſelf, you will not refuſe your attention to the humble remonſtrance of a wife; being aſſured, that my only reaſon for thus ſerving up my dear lord as a new diſh to gratify the public taſte, is to check if (poſſible) his violent paſſion for giving his friends entertainments of another kind; which, if indulged much longer, muſt eaſt us out of houſe and home.

THE magnificent feaſts of *Timon* of *Athens*, or the ſtories of old *Engliſh* Hoſpitality, would give you but a faint idea of the perpetual riot and luxury of our family. Our houſe is always ſtored with as large a quantity of proviſions, as a garriſon in expectation of a ſiege, and thoſe too of the deareſt and moſt extravagant kind. Ortolans and woodcocks are as common as ſparrows, and red mullets are ſcarce a greater rarity with us than gudgeons or ſprats; while turtle and veniſon are regarded as branches of citizen-luxury, which ſcarce deſerve notice, among the many other delicacies in which we abound. Authors, they ſay, (you will pardon me, Mr. TOWN,) are ſeldom admitted to great entertainments; and I can aſſure you, that it is

not eaſy for any, but thoſe who are preſent, to conceive the parade and extravagance diſplayed in our houſe. I myſelf am condemned to ſit at the head of the table, while my lord is placed at the other end, in pain and uneaſineſs at my aukward miſtakes in *doing the honours*. You muſt know, Sir, that I was bred up under an houſewifely aunt in the country, who taught me to pickle and preſerve, and gave me, as I thought, a tolerable notion of cookery. But, alas! though I underſtand plain boiled and roaſt, and have a very good notion of a pudding, I am often totally ignorant of the names and compoſitions of the delicacies before me, and have imagined fiſh to be fowl, and miſtaken a *petit patèe* for a plebeian mince-pie. In the mean time, my lord is diſplaying his exquiſite taſte, by deciding upon every diſh, and pronouncing, with a critical ſmack, upon the flavour of the wines; all the while not a little ſollicitous about the exactneſs of the Removes, and the duly adjuſting the *entremets*. Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne abound, like ale or ſmall-beer; and even Hermitage and Tokay are ſwallowed with as little remorſe as Port or Liſbon. To add to all this, is moſt abſurdly introduced the *French* cuſtom of ſerving in *les Liqueurs*; which conſiſt of almoſt as many ſorts, as are contained

in

in the advertiſements from the Rich Cordial Warehouſe. In a word, every common dinner with us is a feaſt; and when we have what my lord calls an entertainment, it is an abſolute debauch.

BUT there is no part of this monſtrous expence affects me ſo much, as the vaſt ſums ridiculouſly laviſhed on a Deſert. This piece of folly and extravagance could be nothing but the joint product of a *Frenchman* and a confectioner. After the gratification of the appetite with more ſubſtantial fare, this whipt-ſyllabub raree-ſhew is ſerved up, chiefly to feed the eye; not but that the materials, of which the deſert is compoſed, are as expenſive as the ſeveral ingredients in the dinner: and I will leave you to your own method of rating the reſt, after telling you, that my lord thinks himſelf an excellent œconomiſt, by having reduced the expence of the Hot-Houſe to a thouſand *per ann.* which perhaps the admirers of exotic fruits will not think dear, ſince we have pine-apples in as great plenty as golden-pippins or nonpareils.

ONE would think, that the firſt requiſite in eating was extravagance; and that, in order to have any thing very good, it muſt be produced

at a time, when it is out of ſeaſon. Therefore one of the principal uſes of our Hot-Houſe is to invert the order of nature, and to turn winter into ſummer. We ſhould be aſhamed to ſee peaſe upon our table, while they are to be had at a common market; but we never ſpare any coſt to provide a good crop, by the aſſiſtance of our hot-beds, at *Chriſtmas*. We have no reliſh for cucumbers during the ſummer months, when they are no rarity; but we take care to have them forced in *November*. But my lord moſtly prides himſelf on the improvements, that he has made in his Muſhroom-Beds; which he has at length brought to ſo great perfection, that by the help of horſe-dung, and throwing artificial ſun-beams through a burning-glaſs, we can raiſe any quantity of Muſhrooms, of the right *Italian* kind, at two hours warning.

FROM the Hot-Houſe we may make a very natural tranſition to the Kitchen; and as in the former every thing muſt be produced out of ſeaſon, ſo every thing in the latter muſt undergo a ſtrange metamorphoſis. The ordinary diſtinctions of fiſh, fleſh, and fowl, are quite deſtroyed; and nothing comes upon table under it's proper form and appellation. It is impoſſible to conveive, what vaſt ſums are melted down into

into ſauces! We have a cargo of hams every year from *Weſtphalia*, only to extract the *Eſſence* of them from our ſoups. Half a dozen turkies have been killed in one day, merely for the ſake of the pinions; I have known a whole pond dragged, to furniſh a diſh of Carps' Palates: and ten legs of mutton mangled raw, to make out a diſh of Pope's Eyes.

THE concominant charges of the cellar, you will imagine, are no leſs extravagant; and, indeed, it is not enough, that we abound in the beſt *French* and *Italian* wines, (which, by the bye, are purchaſed on the ſpot at an extraordinary price) but we muſt have ſeveral other kinds of the higheſt value, and conſequently of moſt delicious flavour: and though but a taſte of each has been ſipped round by the company, the ſame bottles muſt never be brought a ſecond time upon table, but are ſecured as perquiſites by the butler, who ſells them to the merchant, who ſells them back again to my lord. Beſides theſe, his lordſhip has lately been at an immenſe charge in raiſing a Pinery, in order to try the experiment of making Cyder of Pine-apples; which he hopes to do at little more than treble the expence of Champagne. To this article I might alſo add the charge of his Ice-

Houſes; for although theſe are ſtored with an home-commodity, originally of no value; yet I may venture to ſay, that every drop of water comes as dear to us, as the moſt coſtly of our wines.

As all our liquors, I have told you, are of foreign growth, and all our diſhes diſtinguiſhed by foreign titles, you will readily conceive, that our houſhold is chiefly compoſed of foreigners. The *Maitre d'hotel* is a *Frenchman:* the butler out of livery, and his two under-butlers, are *Frenchmen:* the clerk of the kitchen is a *Frenchman:* and *Monſieur Fricando*, the head-cook, to be ſure is a *Frenchman.* This gentleman never ſoils his fingers in touching the leaſt bit of any thing; but gives his orders (like a general) to four ſubalterns, who are likewiſe *Frenchmen.* The baker, the confectioner, the very ſcullions, and even the fellow that looks after the poultry, are, all of them, *Frenchmen.* Theſe, you may be ſure, are maintained at very high ſalaries: and though *Monſieur Fricando* had the pay of a captain in a marching regiment, my lord was forced to double his wages at the beginning of the war, and allow him the free exerciſe of his *religion*, to prevent his leaving the kingdom.

I AM

I AM ſorry to add, that this pride of keeping a table has viſibly impaired my lord's fortunes: and this very ſummer he has been obliged to fell all the timber on his eſtate, as I may ſay, to keep up his kitchen fire. The only ſatisfaction, which he can poſſibly reap from all this expence, is the vanity of having it ſaid, "that "nobody treats ſo elegantly as his lordſhip;" and now and then perhaps reading in the newspapers, "that ſuch a day the right honourable "—— gave a grand entertainment at his houſe "in ——, at which were preſent the principal "Officers of State and Foreign Miniſters."

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant, &c.

NUMB. CXXXVIII. *Thurſday, Sept.* 16, 1756.

Servatâ ſemper lege et ratione loquendi.

JUV.

Your talk to decency and reaſon ſuit,
Nor prate like fools, or gabble like a brute.

IN the comedy of the *Frenchman in London*, which we are told was acted at *Paris* with univerſal applauſe for ſeveral nights together, there is a character of a rough *Engliſhman*, who is repreſented as quite unſkilled in the graces of converſation; and his dialogue conſiſts almoſt entirely of a repetition of the common ſalutation of *how do you do, how do you do?* Our nation has, indeed, been generally ſuppoſed to be of a ſullen and uncommunicative diſpoſition; while, on the other hand, the loquacious *French* have been allowed to poſſeſs the art of converſing beyond all other people. The *Engliſhman* requires to be wound up frequently, and ſtops very ſoon; but the *Frenchman* runs on in a continued alarum. Yet it muſt be acknowledged, that, as the *Engliſh* conſiſt of very different

different humours, their manner of diſcourſe admits of great variety: but the whole *French* nation converſe alike; and there is no difference in their addreſs between a *Marquis* and a *Valet de Chambre*. We may frequently ſee a couple of *French* barbers accoſting each other in the ſtreet, and paying their compliments with the ſame volubility of ſpeech, the ſame grimace and action, as two courtiers on the *Thuilleries*.

I SHALL not attempt to lay down any particular rules for converſation, but rather point out ſuch faults in diſcourſe and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amuſing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for converſation, where we might expect to find it in the greateſt perfection, among perſons of faſhion: there it is almoſt annihilated by univerſal card-playing: inſomuch that I have heard it given as a reaſon, why it is impoſſible for our preſent writers to ſucceed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality ſcarce ever meet but to game. All their diſcourſe turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no leſs a maxim with the votaries of Whiſt than with thoſe of *Bacchus*, that talking ſpoils company.

EVERY

EVERY one endeavours to make himſelf as agreeable to ſociety as he can: but it often happens, that thoſe, who moſt aim at ſhining in converſation, over-ſhoot their mark. Though a man ſucceeds, he ſhould not (as is frequently the caſe) engroſs the whole talk to himſelf; for that deſtroys the very eſſence of converſation, which is talking together. We ſhould try to keep up converſation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than ſeize it all to our ſelves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We ſhould likewiſe be cautious to adapt the matter of our diſcourſe to our company; and not talk *Greek* before ladies, or of the laſt new furbelow to a meeting of country juſtices.

BUT nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole converſation, than certain peculiarities, eaſily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and diſcarded. In order to diſplay theſe abſurdities in a truer light, it is my preſent purpoſe to enumerate ſuch of them, as are moſt commonly to be met with; and firſt to take notice of thoſe buffoons in ſociety, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. Theſe accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or geſture: they aſſent with a ſhrug, and contradict with a twiſting

twiſting of the neck; are angry with a wry mouth, and pleaſed in a caper or a minuet ſtep. They may be conſidered as ſpeaking Harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the poſture-maſter. Theſe ſhould be condemned to converſe only in dumb ſhew with their own perſons in the looking-glaſs; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who ſo prettily ſet off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-ſçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With theſe we may likewiſe rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are conſtantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or geſture of their acquaintance: though they are ſuch wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can diſcover any likeneſs.

NEXT to theſe, whoſe elocution is abſorbed in action, and who converſe chiefly with their arms and legs, we may conſider the profeſſed ſpeakers. And firſt, the Emphatical; who ſqueeze, and preſs, and ram down every ſyllable with exceſſive vehemence and energy. Theſe orators are remakable for their diſtinct elocution and force of expreſſion: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the ſignificant conjunctive *and*; which they ſeem to hawk up, with

with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no leſs pain, into the ears of their auditors. Theſe ſhould be ſuffered only to ſyringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through an hearing trumpet: though I muſt confeſs, that I am equally offended with the Whiſperers or Low Speakers, who ſeem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up ſo cloſe to you, that they may be ſaid to meaſure noſes with you, and frequently overcome you with the exhalations of a powerful breath. I would have theſe oracular gentry obliged to talk at a diſtance through a ſpeaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whiſpering-gallery. The Wits, who will not condeſcend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whiſtlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert: and to theſe tinkling cymbals I would alſo add the ſounding braſs; the Bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

THE Tatlers, whoſe pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "ſoft parts of converſation," and ſweetly "prattling out of faſhion," make very pretty muſic from a beautiful face and a female tongue: but from a rough manly voice

voice and coarſe feature, mere nonſenſe is as harſh and diſſonant as a jig from an Hurdy-Gurdy. The Swearers I have ſpoken of in a former paper; but the Half-Swearers, who ſplit, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fiſh*, and *demmee*; the *Gothic* Humbuggers, and thoſe who "nick-name God's creatures," and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fiſh, and an unaccountable *muſkin*, ſhould never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the peſts of converſation; nor dwell particularly on the Senſibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the moſt trivial points, and ſpeak in ſentences; the Wonderers, who are always *wondering* what o'clock it is, or *wondering* whether it will rain or no, or *wondering* when the moon changes; the Phraſeologiſts, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and t'other*; and, laſtly the Silent Men, who ſeem afraid of opening their mouths, leſt they ſhould catch cold, and literally obſerve the precept of the goſpel, by letting their converſation be only *yea yea*, and *nay nay*.

THE rational intercourſe kept up by converſation, is one of our principal diſtinctions from brutes.

brutes. We ſhould therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and conſider the organs of ſpeech as the inſtruments of underſtanding: we ſhould be very careful not to uſe them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmoſt to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to leſſen the value of ſuch an ineſtimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by ſome philoſophers, that even birds and beaſts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly underſtand one another by the ſounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themſelves, like different nations. Thus it may be ſuppoſed, that the nightingales of *Italy* have as fine an ear for their own native wood-notes, as any *Signor* or *Signora* for an *Italian* Air; that the boars of *Weſtphalia* gruntle as expreſſively through the noſe, as the inhabitants in *High-German*; and that the frogs in the dykes of *Holland* croak as intelligibly, as the natives jabber their *Low-Dutch*. However this may be, we may conſider thoſe, whoſe tongues hardly ſeem to be under the influence of reaſon, and do not keep up the proper converſation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for inſtance, the affinity between Chatterers and Monkeys, and Praters

and

and Parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and Growlers may be juſtly compared to Hogs: Snarlers are Curs; and the Spitfire Paſſionate are a ſort of wild Cats, that will not bear ſtroaking, but will purr when they are pleaſed. Complainers are Scriech-Owls; and Story-tellers, always repeating the ſame dull note, are Cuckows. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than Aſſes: Critics in general are venomous Serpents, that delight in hiſſing; and ſome of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than Magpies. I myſelf, who have crowed to the whole town for near three years paſt, may perhaps put my readers in mind of a Dunghill Cock: but as I muſt acquaint them, that they will hear the laſt of me on this day fortnight, I hope they will then conſider me as a Swan, who is ſuppoſed to ſing ſweetly at his dying moments.

W

NUMB. CXXXIX. *Thurſday, Sept.* 23, 1756.

—— Sume ſeperbiam
Quæſitam meritis. —— HOR.

Now to the utmoſt all your labours charge,
And ſhew your mighty conſequence at large.

I WROTE to my Couſin VILLAGE, informing him of my deſign to finiſh with the next number; and have received the following anſwer from him, which I ſhall lay before my readers.

DEAR COUSIN,

IT was not without ſome regret, that I received advice of your intentions to bid adieu to the public: for, as you had been ſo kind as to introduce me to their notice, I began to indulge all the weakneſs and vanity of a young author; and had almoſt perſuaded myſelf, that I was the principal ſupport of your papers. Conſcious of my own importance, I expect that you will do me the juſtice to acknowledge, how much you are indebted to the aſſiſtance of your very

very ingenious Couſin; and I care not how many compliments you pay me on my wit and learning; but at the ſame time I muſt beg leave to put in a caveat againſt your diſpoſing of me in what manner you yourſelf pleaſe. Writers of Eſſays think themſelves at liberty to do what they will with the characters they have introduced into their works; as writers of tragedy, in order to heighten the plot, have often brought their heroes to an untimely end, when they have died quietly many years before in their beds; or as our chronicles of daily occurrences put a duke to death, give away an heireſs in marriage, or ſhoot off an admiral's legs, whenever they pleaſe. Mr. ADDISON, while he was carrying on the SPECTATOR, ſaid, "he would kill Sir "*Roger de Coverley*, that nobody elſe might "murder him." In like manner, my dear Couſin, you may perhaps take it into your head to cut me off: you may make an end of me by a cold caught in partridge-ſhooting, or break my neck in a ſtag-hunt. Or you may rather chuſe to ſettle me perhaps with a rich old country dowager, or preſs me into the army, or clap me on board of a man of war. But I deſire that you will not get rid of me by any of theſe means; but permit me to aſſure your readers, that I am alive and merry; and this is to let them

them know, that I am in good health at this preſent writing.

YOUR papers, I aſſure you, have made a great noiſe in the country, and the moſt intelligent among us read you with as much ſatisfaction as the *Evening Poſts* or the *Weekly Journals*. I know more than one 'ſquire, who takes them in conſtantly with the *Magazines*; and I was told by the poſt-maſter of a certain town, that they came down every week, under cover, to the butler of a member of parliament. There is a club of country parſons, who meet every Saturday at a neighbouring market-town, to be ſhaved and exchange ſermons: they have a ſubſcription for books and pamphlets; and the only periodical works ordered in by them are the *Connoiſſeur*, and the *Critical* and *Monthly Reviews*. I was lately introduced to this ſociety, when the converſation happened to turn upon Mr. TOWN. A young curate, juſt come from *Oxford*, ſaid he knew you very well at *Chriſt-Church*, and that you was a comical dog: but a *Cantab*. declared, no leſs poſſitively, that you was either a penſioner of *Trinity*, or a fellow of *Bennet* college. People, indeed, are very much perplexed about the real author: ſome affirm, that you are a nobleman; and others will

will have it, that you are an actor: ſome ſay you are a young lawyer, ſome a phyſician, ſome a parſon, and ſome an old woman.

THE ſubjects of your papers have often been wreſted to various interpretations by our penetrating geniuſes; and you have hardly drawn a character, that has not been fixed on one or other of the greateſt perſonages in the nation. I once heard a country juſtice expreſs his wonder, that you was not taken up, and ſet in the pillory; and I myſelf, by ſome of my rural intelligence, have brought upon you the reſentment of ſeveral honeſt 'ſquires, who long to horſe-whip the ſcoundrel for putting them in print. Others again are quite at a loſs how to pick out your meaning, and in vain turn over their *Bailey*'s dictionary for an explanation of ſeveral faſhionable phraſes; which, though they have enriched the town-language, have not yet made their way into the dialect of the country. Many exquiſite ſtrokes of humour are alſo loſt upon us, on account of our diſtance from the ſcene of action; and that wit, which is very briſk and lively upon the ſpot, often loſes much of it's ſpirit in the carriage, and ſometimes wholly evaporates in the poſt-bag.

You moraliſts are very apt to flatter yourſelves, that you are doing a vaſt deal of good by your labours: but whatever reformation you may have worked in town, give me leave to tell you, that you have ſometimes done us harm in the country, by the bare mention of the vices and follies now in vogue. From your intelligence, ſome of our moſt polite ladies have learned, that it is highly genteel to have a route; and ſome have copied the faſhion ſo exactly, as to play at cards on *Sundays*. Your papers upon dreſs ſet all our belles to work in following the mode: you no ſooner took notice of the cocked hats, but every hat in the pariſh was turned up behind and before; and when you told us, that the town beauties went naked, our rural damſels immediately began to throw off their cloaths. Our gentlemen have been alſo taught by you all the new arts of betting and gaming: and the only coffee-houſe in one little town, where the moſt topping inhabitants are uſed to meet to play at draughts and back-gammon, has, from the great increaſe of gameſters who reſort to it, been elegantly chriſtened by the name of *White*'s.

As to the ſmall ſhare which I myſelf have had in your work, you may be ſure every body here

here is hugely delighted with it; at leaſt you may be ſure, that I will ſay nothing to the contrary. I have done my beſt to contribute to the entertainment of your readers: and, as the name of *Steele* is not forgotten in the SPECTATOR, though *Addiſon* has run away with almoſt all the honour, I am in hopes, that whenever the great Mr. TOWN is mentioned, they may poſſibly think at the ſame time on

Your affectionate Couſin and Coadjutor,

VILLAGE.

AFTER this account, which my Couſin has ſent me, of the reception I have met with in the country, it will be proper to ſay ſomething of my reception here in town. I ſhall therefore conſider myſelf in the threefold capacity of CONNOISSEUR, CRITIC, and CENSOR-GENERAL. As a CONNOISSEUR, in the confined ſenſe of the word, I muſt own I have met with ſeveral mortifications. I have neither been made F. R. S. nor even a member of the Academy of *Bourdeaux* or *Peterſburgh*. They have left me out of the liſt of Truſtees to the *Britiſh Muſæum*; and his Majeſty of *Naples*, though he preſented an "Account of the Cu-"rioſities found in *Herculancum*" to each of the

univerſities, never ſent one to me. I have not been celebrated in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, or in any of our Magazines of Arts and Sciences; nor have I been ſtiled *tres-illuſtre* or *tres-ſcavant* in any of the foreign *Mercuries* or *Journals Literaires*. Once, indeed, I ſoothed myſelf in the vain thought of having been diſtinguiſhed by the great *Swediſh* Botaniſt, *Linnæus*, under the title of *Eruditiſſimus* URBANUS, which I conceived to be the Name of TOWN latinized; but, to my great diſappointment, I afterwards diſcovered, that this was no other than the learned Naturaliſt, Mr. *Sylvanus Urban*, author of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This neglect of me, as a CONNOISSEUR, I can attribute to no other cauſe, than to my not having made myſelf known by my *Muſæum*, or Cabinet of Curioſities: and, to ſay the truth, I am not worth a farthing in antique coins; nor have I ſo much as one ſingle ſhell or butterfly. All my complaints againſt the modern innovations of Taſte have been therefore diſregarded: and with concern I ſtill ſee the Villas of our citizens fantaſtically adorned with *Chineſe* palings, and our ſtreets incumbered with ſuperb colonades, porticos, *Gothic* arches, and *Venetian* windows, the ordinary decorations of the ſhops of our tradeſmen.

NOR

NOR have I, as a CRITIC, met with greater ſucceſs or encouragement, in my endeavours to reform the preſent Taſte in literature. I expected to have the privilege of eating beef *gratis* every night at *Vauxhall*, for adviſing the garden-poets to put a little meaning into their ſongs: but, though I was there ſeveral nights this ſummer, I could not ſay (with *Caſſio*) of any of their productions, "this is a more exquiſite ſong "than the other." I have not been able to write the operas out of the kingdom: and, though I have more than once ſhewed my contempt for Harlequin, I am aſſured there are no leſs than three Pantomimes to be brought on this ſeaſon. As I inveſted myſelf with the dignity of ſupreme judge in theatrical matters, I was in hopes, that my Lord Chamberlain would at leaſt have appointed me his Deputy-Licenſer; but he has not even conſulted me on any one new play. I made no doubt, but the managers would pay their court to me: but they have not once ſent for me to dinner; and, ſo far from having the freedom of the houſe, I declare I have not had ſo much as a ſingle order from any of the under-actors.

In my office of CENSOR-GENERAL, though I cannot boaſt of having over-turned the card-

tables at routes and aſſemblies, or broke up the club at *Arthur*'s, I can ſafely boaſt, that I have routed the many-headed monſter at the Diſputant Society at the *Robin Hood*, and put to ſilence the great *Clare-Market* Orator. In a word, I have laboured to prevent the growth of vice and immorality; and with as much effect as the Juſtices at the Quarter-ſeſſions. For this reaſon I expected to have been put in the commiſſion, and to have had the power of licenſing all places of public diverſion veſted ſolely in my hands. But as I find my merits have been hitherto over-looked, I am determined to lay down my office; and in my next number I ſhall take my final leave of the public; when I ſhall give them an account of my correſpondents, together with a full and particular account of MYSELF.

T

NUMB. CXL. *Thurſday, Sept.* 30, 1756.

Vel DUO, vel nemo. — — — PERS.

CENSOR *nor He, nor He; or Both, or none;*
A two-fold Author, Meſſieurs Mr. TOWN.

— — — — — — Penè gemelli,
Fraternis Animis. — — — HOR.

Sure in the ſelf-ſame mould their minds were caſt,
Twins in affection, judgment, humour, taſte.

PERIODICAL writers, who retail their ſenſe or nonſenſe to the world ſheet by ſheet, acquire a ſort of familiarity and intimacy with the public, peculiar to themſelves. Had theſe four volumes which have ſwelled by degrees to their preſent bulk, burſt forth at once, Mr. TOWN muſt have introduced himſelf to the acquaintance of the public with the aukward air and diſtance of a ſtranger: but he now flatters himſelf, that they will look upon him as an old companion, whoſe converſation they are pleaſed with; and, as they will ſee him no more after this time, will now and then perhaps miſs their uſual viſiter.

HOWEVER this may be, the Authors of the CONNOISSEUR now think proper to close the undertaking, in which they have been engaged for near three years past: and among their general thanks to the indulgent readers of their papers, they must include in a particular manner their acknowledgments to those, who have been pleased to appear in them as writers. They have, therefore, at the close of their work, brought Mr. TOWN and his associates on the scene together, like the *dramatis personæ* at the end of the last act.

OUR earliest and most frequent correspondent distinguished his favours by the signatures G. K. and we are sorry, that he will not allow us to mention his name; since it would reflect as much credit on our work, as we are sure will redound to it from his contributions. To him we are proud to own ourselves indebted for most part of N°. 14 and 17; for the letter, signed *Goliah English*, in N°. 19; for a great part of N°. 33 and 40; and for the letters, signed *Reginald Fitzworm*, *Michael Krawbidge*, *Moses Orthodox*, and *Tho. Vainall*, in No. 102, 107, 113, and 129.

THE

THE next, in priority of time, is a gentleman of *Cambridge*, who ſigned himſelf A. B. and we cannot but regret that he withdrew his aſſiſtance, after having obliged us with the beſt part of the letters in N°. 46, 49, and 52, and of the eſſays in N°. 62 and 64.

THE letters in N°. 82, 98, 112, and 130, came from various hands, equally unknown to us. The Imitation of *Horace*, in N° 11, was written (as we are informed) by a gentleman of *Oxford:* and from two gentlemen of *Cambridge* we received the letter, ſigned *W. Manly*, in N°. 65, and another, ſigned B. A. in N°. 107.

THESE unexpected marks of favour, conferred on us by ſtrangers, demand our higheſt gratitude: but we are no leſs happy in being able to boaſt the aſſiſtance of ſome other gentlemen, whom we are proud to call friends, though we are not at liberty to introduce them to the acquaintance of our readers. From a friend engaged in the Law, we had the firſt ſketches and moſt ſtriking paſſages of N°. 75, 78, 87, and 104; though it may be regretted by the public as well as ourſelves, that his leiſure would not permit him to put the finiſhing hand to them. From a

friend, a gentleman of the *Temple*, we received N°. 111, 115, and 119. To a friend, a member of *Trinity College*, *Cambridge*, we are indebted for the Song in N°. 72, and the Verſes in N°. 67, 90, 125, and 135. The liſt of contributions from ſuch capable friends would doubtleſs have been much larger, had they been ſooner let into the ſecret: but as Mr. TOWN, like a great prince, choſe to appear *incog.* in order to avoid the impertinence of the multitude, he did not even make himſelf known to thoſe about his perſon, 'till at laſt they themſelves found him out through his diſguiſe.

THERE are ſtill remaining two correſpondents, who muſt ſtand by themſelves; as they have wrote to us, not in an aſſumed character, but *in propriâ perſonâ*. The firſt is no leſs a perſonage than the great Orator HENLEY, who obliged us with that truly original Letter, printed in N°. 37. The other, who favoured us with a letter, no leſs orignal, in N°. 70, we have reaſon to believe, is a Methodiſt Teacher and a mechanic; but we do not know either his name or his trade.

WE now come to the moſt important diſcovery of Ourſelves, and to anſwer the often-repeated queſtion

queſtion of, *Who is Mr.* TOWN? it being the cuſtom for periodical writers, at the ſame time that they ſend the hawkers abroad with their laſt dying ſpeech like the malefactors, like them alſo to couple it with a confeſſion. The general method of unravelling this myſtery is by declaring, to whom the different ſignatures, affixed to different papers, are appropriated. For ever ſince the days of the inimitable SPECTATOR, it has been uſual for a bold Capital to ſtand, like a centry, at the end of our eſſays, to guard the author in ſecreſy: and it is commonly ſuppoſed, that the writer, who does not chuſe to put his name to his work, has in this manner, like the painters and ſtatuaries of old, at leaſt ſet his mark. But the Authors of the CONNOISSEUR now confeſs, that the ſeveral letters, at firſt pitched upon to bring up the rear of their eſſays, have been annexed to different papers at random, and ſometimes omitted, on purpoſe to put the ſagacious reader on a wrong ſcent. It is particularly the intereſt of a writer, who prints himſelf out week by week, to remain unknown, during the courſe of this piece-meal publication. The beſt method, therefore, to prevent a diſcovery, is to make the road to it as intricate as poſſible; and, inſtead of ſeeming to aim at keeping

keeping the reader entirely in the dark, to hang out a kind of wandering light, which only ſerves to lead him aſtray. The deſire of giving each writer his due, according to the ſignatures, has, in the courſe of this undertaking, often confuſed the curious in their inquiries. Soon after the publication of our firſt papers, ſome ingenious gentlemen found out, that T, O, W, N, being the letters that formed the name of TOWN, there were four authors, each of whom ſheltered himſelf under a particular letter; but no paper ever appearing with an N affixed to it, they were obliged to give up this notion. But, if they had been more able decypherers, they would have made out, that though T, O, W, will not compoſe the name of TOWN, yet, by a different arrangement of the letters, it will form the word TWO: which is the grand myſtery of our ſignatures, and couches under it the true and real number of the Authors of the CONNOISSEUR.

HAVING thus declared Mr. TOWN to conſiſt of two ſeparate individuals, it will perhaps be expected, that, like two tradeſmen, who have agreed to diſſolve their partnerſhip, we ſhould exactly balance our accounts, and aſſign to each his

his due parcel of the ſtock. But our accounts are of ſo intricate a nature, that it would be impoſſible for us to adjuſt them in that manner. We have not only joined in the work taken altogether, but almoſt every ſingle paper is the joint product of both: and, as we have laboured equally in erecting the fabric, we cannot pretend, that any one particular part is the ſole workmanſhip of either. An hint has perhaps been ſtarted by one of us, improved by the other, and ſtill further heightened by an happy coalition of ſentiment in both; as fire is ſtruck out by a mutual colliſion of flint and ſteel. Sometimes, like *Strada*'s lovers converſing with the ſympathetic needles, we have written papers together at fifty miles diſtance from each other: the firſt rough draught or looſe minutes of an eſſay have often travelled in the ſtage-coach from town to country, and from country to town; and we have frequently waited for the poſt-man (whom we expected to bring us the precious remainder of a CONNOISSEUR) with the ſame anxiety, as we ſhould wait for the half of a bank note, without which the other half would be of no value. Theſe our joint labours, it may eaſily be imagined, would have ſoon broke off abruptly, if either had been too fondly attached to his own little

little conceits, or if we had converſed together with the jealouſy of a rival, or the complaiſance of a formal acquaintance, who ſmiles at every word that is ſaid by his companion. Nor could this work have been ſo long carried on, with ſo much chearfulneſs and good-humour on both ſides, if the Two had not been as cloſely united, as the two Students, whom the SPECTATOR mentions, as recorded by a *Terræ Filius* at *Oxford*, "to have had but one mind, one purſe, "one chamber, and one hat."

IT has been often remarked, that the reader is very deſirous of picking up ſome little particulars concerning the author of the book, which he is peruſing. To gratify this paſſion, many literary anecdotes have been publiſhed, and an account of their life, character, and behaviour, has been prefixed to the works of our moſt celebrated writers. Eſſayiſts are commonly expected to be their own Biographers: and perhaps our readers may require ſome further intelligence concerning the Authors of the CONNOISSEUR. But, as they have all along appeared as a ſort of *Soſias* in literature, they cannot now deſcribe themſelves any otherwiſe, than as one and the ſame perſon; and can only ſatisfy the curioſity of the public, by

by giving a ſhort account of that reſpectable perſonage Mr. TOWN, conſidering him as of the plural, or rather (according to the *Græcians)* of the dual number.

MR. TOWN is a fair, black, middle-ſized, very ſhort man. He wears his own hair and a periwig. He is about thirty years of age, and not more than four and twenty. He is a Student of the Law, and a Bachelor of Phyſic. He was bred at the Univerſity of *Oxford*; where having taken no leſs than three degrees, he looks down on many learned profeſſors his inferiors: yet, having been there but little longer than to take the firſt degree of Bachelor of Arts, it has more than once happened, that the CENSOR-GENERAL of all *England* has been reprimanded by the Cenſor of his College, for neglecting to furniſh the uſual Eſſay, or (in the collegiate phraſe) the Theme of the week.

THIS joint deſcription of ourſelves will, we hope, ſatisfy the reader, without any further information. For our own parts, we cannot but be pleaſed with having raiſed this monument of our mutual friendſhip and eſteem: and if theſe eſſays ſhall continue to be read, now they will

will no longer make their appearance as the fugitive pieces of the week, we ſhall be happy in conſidering, that we are mentioned at the ſame time. We have all the while gone on, as it were, hand in hand together: and while we are both employed in furniſhing matter for the paper now before us, we cannot help ſmiling at our thus making our *exit* together, like the two Kings of *Brentford* ſmelling at one noſegay.

T. W. O.

END of the FOURTH VOLUME.

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